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In this issue : { The Irrigation of Small Areas.
Mutiny in a Yawl.
Vanquishing a Whale.

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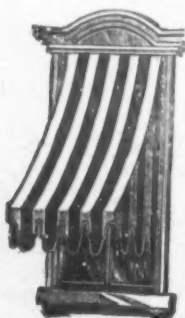
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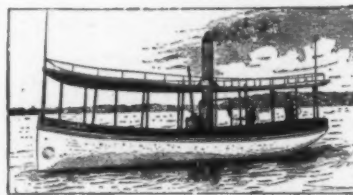
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THE NORTHWEST

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THE IRRIGATION OF SMALL AREAS.

BY E. V. SMALLEY.

Large projects for the irrigation of the arid regions of the West have been mainly suspended since the financial crisis of 1893, and are waiting for the full dawn of better times. Such projects always involve a considerable expenditure of money, far beyond the resources of the people living in the immediate localities they are destined to benefit. They must be financed, and capital must be sought in Eastern or foreign money centers for carrying them into execution. They involve, as a rule, the construction of heavy masonry dams across streams, the building of strong head-gates, and the excavation of long canals and numerous laterals. The main canals must have a length of a number of miles before they attain sufficient elevation above the bottom-lands along the streams for the distribution of the water over the thirsty ground. We believe that a great many of these projects will be carried into execution in the near future, and that they will open the way for the settlement of many thousands of acres of land that now has absolutely no value for cultivation. In the meantime, however, a good deal is being done here and there in the direction of watering small areas by methods applied on or very near the lands to be tilled. Sometimes a single settler is able to obtain sufficient water for a few fields upon which he can make a good living by some system of intensive farming. In other instances, a few settlers combine to pay the cost of the simple irrigation methods. These methods for watering small areas may be divided into two general classes. First, those that pump water by means of windmills from the underlying water-bearing strata, or that are so fortunate as to be able to employ flowing wells. Small reservoirs are required to store the water until it is needed for use. This method is already employed to a considerable extent in South Dakota and Nebraska, and with very good results in the production of large and regular crops. We have, in previous numbers of this magazine, described the general outlines of the water-bearing strata which dip under both the Dakotas and Nebraska and high receive their water supply from the

melting snows and from the seepage of the streams on the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains and their outlying spurs.

The second method of irrigation on a small scale is by means of some form of water-wheels. This is, of course, applicable only to lands lying immediately on the margin of rivers or creeks. It is by no means a new idea, for it was practiced in the earliest dawn of Babylonian and Indian civilization. It is adapted to many stretches of rich lands lying along the water-courses of our American arid region. The cost is not great, and the returns in the way of hay and other fodder-crops, fruits, small grains and vegetables are so large and so certain that it can be earnestly commended to intending settlers. As a rule, lands to be watered can be obtained by homestead right; or, if purchased, can be had at \$1 to \$4 per acre. The settler does not require a great deal of land, and should not attempt to irrigate much at first. It is better to have a larger supply of water than is needed, than to come out short during a long dry season. Ten acres of hay, alfalfa, corn and potatoes will support a family in comfort, and five acres in fruit make about as large an orchard as one man can attend to.

We received recently, from the United States Geological Survey, an admirable little pamphlet upon pumping water for irrigation, which can be obtained by anyone upon addressing the director of the survey, Charles D. Walcott, at Washington. This pamphlet, written by Herbert M. Wilson, is No. 1 of a series of "Water Supply and Irrigation Papers." In this article

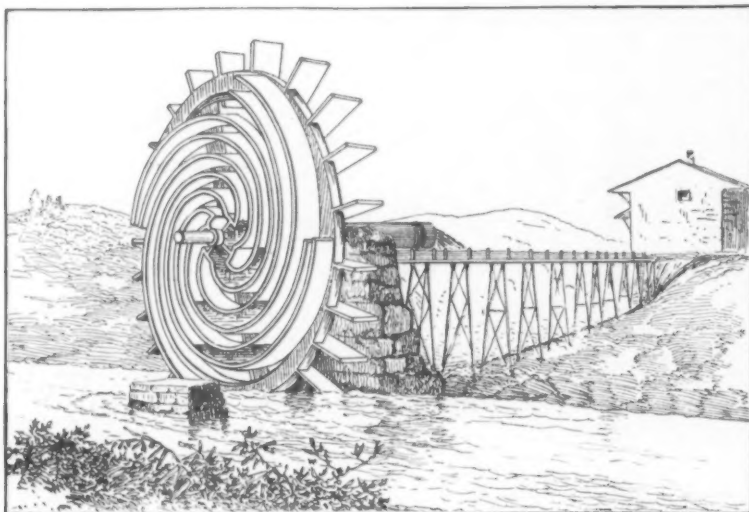
we have made free use of the statements in the pamphlet, and have reproduced a number of the illustrations.

Taking up, first, the use of wind as a motive power for raising water, we present a drawing of the simplest possible method, an example of which can be seen in use here and there on our Western plains. This device is known variously as the "Wind Rustler," "Jumbo," or "Mogul" windmill. It consists of a large wheel, the lower part of which is enclosed by a structure of planks, so that the wind will only strike upon the upper fans. This contrivance is, of course, less efficient and reliable than the regular form of windmill, because it is placed so near the ground that it does not receive the full force of the wind. Moreover, the directing of the mill to the wind is not under the control of the irrigator; he can only place his structure in relation to the general direction of the wind in his locality. The contrivance is, however, a very good makeshift for the pioneer who does not have the means to purchase a well-designed wind-wheel. The Mogul is usually fourteen to eighteen feet in diameter and has six to eight fans about two feet wide by ten or fifteen feet in length, and it is capable of pumping sufficient water to irrigate about two acres with a twenty-five-foot lift. It costs \$20 to \$100, according to the amount of hired labor employed in its construction.

The modern American windmill has been advanced to a high degree of perfection, so as to do the greatest possible work with the smallest size, and, consequently, with the least pos-



MIDSTREAM WHEEL DRIVING A BUCKET-PUMP.



TYMPANUM.

sible expenditure for material. It is much lighter in weight and appearance than any European mill. It does not use cloth sails; and, although the wide angle of the vane is not so advantageous as in the sail-mill, the surface presented for a given diameter is sufficiently great to more than compensate.

American windmills may be divided into two principal classes, namely, sectional wheels with centrifugal governor and independent rudder, and solid wheels with side vane governor and independent rudder. There are a number of special types. Some of them are rudderless, the wind pressure upon the wheel being relied on to bring it in the right direction. We give an engraving of a steel windmill and tower-carrying tank. For a good example of the operation of these windmills, we can cite the little village of Forsyth, Montana, where, owing to the absence of sufficient rain, the whole country is brown and desolate after the middle of June. This town is mainly inhabited by engineers, conductors, brakemen, and other employees of the Northern Pacific Railway. They have built for themselves pleasant homes, and by the use of small windmills they enjoy the advantages of green lawns, gardens, shade-trees, currant and berry-bushes, strawberry-beds and vegetables. On one of the streets of the place, almost every home is furnished with one of these windmills. There is an abundant water supply, under the town site, coming from the seepage of the Yellowstone River.

Our third diagram shows two windmills and a small storage reservoir of the type of con-

struction common in the Dakotas. The reservoir must, of course, be placed on ground of sufficient altitude to give fall enough for watering the adjacent fields. If the bottom of the reservoir is at all gravelly, clay should be hauled upon it to the depth of a few inches



WINDMILLS AND CIRCULAR RESERVOIR.

in order to keep the water from being absorbed in the ground. Care should be taken to secure a firm foundation for the windmill, which is usually done by anchoring the corner posts into foot-posts buried in the ground and made of eight-inch-square timber. The windmill must

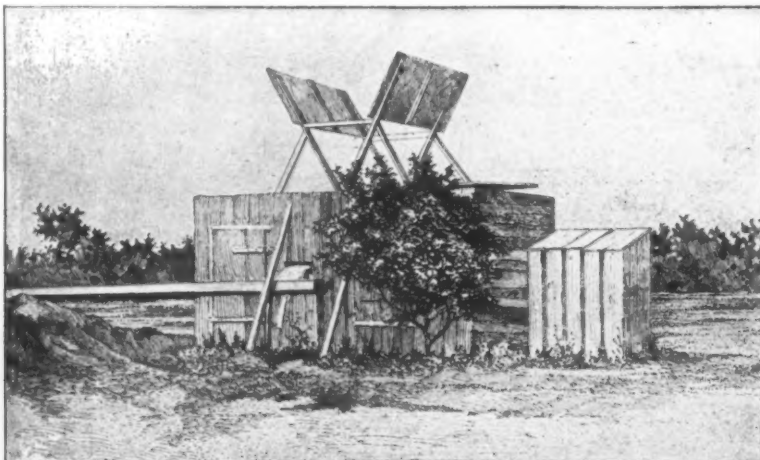
be perfectly plumb, in order to have the pump-rod work without friction. The cost of these steel windmills ranges from \$50 to \$400, according to size and make. Storage reservoirs can be built for about \$100 each. A five-inch pump will discharge 250 cubic feet an hour, a six-inch pump about 380, and an eight-inch pump about 650 feet. On this basis, with the average water duty, a five-inch pump will irrigate six acres if running constantly, or two acres if running one-third of the time. Of course, the area to be irrigated is very much increased by the supply from the storage reservoir. The pump can be kept running all the spring months, filling the reservoir before any water is required on the land. We should say that, as a general rule, one windmill and pump of moderate power, with a storage reservoir, could be depended upon to irrigate about twenty acres in grain and root crops.

WATER-WHEELS.

The raising of water from streams to a given height for use over small adjacent areas of ground is a practice that has grown in favor in all parts of the arid regions, and is capable of very great extension. It is so simple that it requires very little description. The place for the wheel is usually selected upon a bend in a stream where there is a strong and constant current, near the shore, that can be depended upon during the irrigation season. There are

several forms of wheels that can be constructed at no very large expense. Our first illustration shows what is called a midstream wheel driving a bucket-pump. The picture explains itself. The wheel varies from twelve to twenty-five feet in diameter, and the float-boards are ten to fifteen in number, two of which should always be submerged at the same time. These project from twenty-four to thirty inches from the wheel rim, dipping into the water about one-half their depth. In rivers, the water-levels of which fluctuate, the axle of the wheel is placed on movable supports, to render it capable of being raised or lowered at pleasure.

Another form of water-wheel is called, in Colorado, the "Noria." Attached to the outer rim are a number of buckets which dip into the water as the wheel revolves, and, as they reach the upper portion of their cycle, spill their contents into a trough which leads into the irrigation ditch. Such wheels may be seen at different points on the Yellowstone River in Montana, and on the Snake River in Idaho. They are of very ancient origin, having been used in almost every country in the world, most extensively, perhaps, in Egypt and Sicily. Some very large wheels of this variety have been placed lately upon the Green River in Colorado. The diameters of these wheels are twenty to



HOME-MADE WIND ENGINE, AS USED ON THE GREAT PLAINS.

thirty feet. They are hung on wooden axles five inches in diameter, and their paddles dip two inches into the stream. The buckets attached to their outer circumference are of wood, having an air-hole in the bottom closed by a suitable leather flap-valve. These buckets are six feet in length, four inches square, and have a capacity of two-thirds of a cubic foot each. The largest of them raises ten cubic feet per revolution, and handles in all about 4,000 cubic feet per day, or approximately one-tenth of an acre foot. An apparatus not unlike the *Noria* is the ancient wheel employed in Egypt and known as the *tympanum*, an illustration of which we give. This wheel is a common undershot wheel turned by paddles dipping into a flowing stream; but, instead of lifting water in buckets, the water enters a series of spiral gutters and, as the wheel revolves, flows through these until it finally reaches the center of the wheel near the hub and passes out at this point into the irrigation ditch.

We shall not, in this article, describe the use of the turbine wheel for lifting water by means of pumps. They are very well adapted to certain local conditions where there is a rapid fall in a stream, so that a short canal affords sufficient fall to run the wheel. The best example of the elevation of water by turbines in our Northwestern country can be seen at Prosser, on the Yakima River, in the State of Washington. Here two large turbines work powerful pumps, which elevate the water to a reservoir at a height of about 100 feet over the town and the lands irrigated. In the course of time this machinery will convert what was formerly a pretty wool-shipping station in an arid waste, into a blossoming garden, orchard and vineyard.

The subject of irrigation of small areas might be pursued at much greater length, but the purpose of this article is only to give a mere outline sketch of the methods now employed, with such illustrations as will readily convey to the mind of the reader the main points in the theme.

RICH MONTANA WATER.

One of the most interesting sights in the great mining town of Butte, says the *Anaconda* (Mont.) *Recorder*, is the process by which copper is caught from the emerald-colored water that flows from the *Anaconda* and *St. Lawrence* mines. While there is nothing particularly new about the process, the large proportions which the business has assumed is particularly interesting. It is estimated that this water, which for four or five years went to waste, is now bringing the *Anaconda* Company \$30,000 a month at a cost of about \$1,000 a month. It is only within the past year that the company undertook to handle this water. Heretofore it was worked under lease. An old German, named Mueller, was the first man to successfully save copper from the water.

During the past three years Thomas Ledford had a lease on the water. He paid twenty-five per cent royalty to the company. During the three years he turned over to the company \$60,000. There was no way of determining just what he got out of it, but it is claimed that he realized at least \$100,000 a year from the water. Ledford is a pretty rich man today, but just before he got the lease he was as poor as Job's turkey.

Now that the company is operating the water on its own account, it has discovered what a great money-making enterprise it is. At the present time several acres of ground are covered with wooden vats. These are filled with all the old scrap-iron they can hold. It has proved a splendid scheme for disposing of the tons and tons of old iron the company has ac-



NORIA, OR WATER-WHEEL, LIFTING FILLED BUCKETS.

cumulated. Old hoisting-cages, water-pipe, wheelbarrows, railroad iron—in fact, anything that consists of tin or iron, is good for this service.

It is said that, for every pound of iron put into a vat, a pound of copper is produced. Where the water first attacks the iron, the copper absorbs the iron completely within three weeks. After the precipitation is effected, the water is drawn off and the slimy copper is transferred to another tank, where the water is still further drained off. These latter vats hold about fifteen tons of the copper, which now has the appearance of a clayish substance. This is then sacked into packages of about 100 pounds. When in this shape it is sent to the smelters in this city. The product carries an average of eighty-six per cent pure copper. The iron remaining in it makes a fine flux, and, when mixed with other smelting ore, is said to bring

the ore up to a value of about \$300 a ton. Really, the water from the mines is the most profitable product of the *Anaconda* Copper Mining Company.

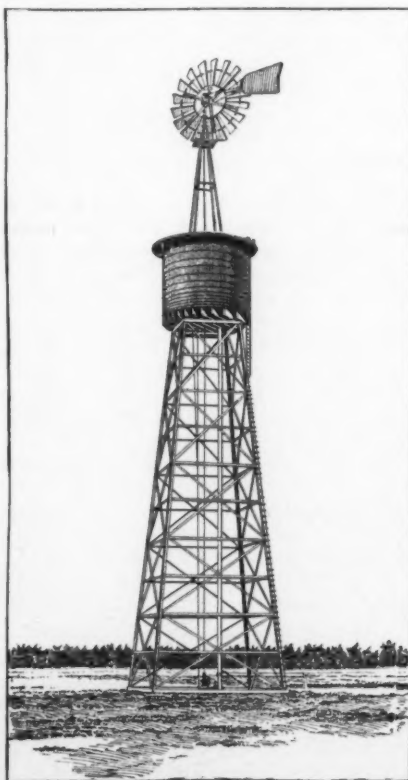
ROCK PICTURES IN OREGON.

While in Alturas, Or., W. B. Whittemore discovered some remarkable hieroglyphics about fifteen miles northeast from the north end of Warner Valley, on the edge of what is locally known as the "desert" in Lake County. Mr. Whittemore says the hieroglyphics had been cut with a sharp instrument in the surface of the hard, basaltic rock. They cover the face of the bluff for a distance of about three miles, and consist of pictures of Indians with bows, arrows and spears, besides deer, antelope, dogs and wolves, geese, ducks, swans, and reptiles of various kinds. Intermingled with these animals are characters which, of course, he could not decipher. He says that the execution of the pictures was very good, and he is satisfied that it could not have been the work of ordinary Indians. Throughout the entire distance the characters and pictures are in rows.

The Indians of the vicinity have no knowledge of the meaning of the hieroglyphics or of the people who, ages ago, chiseled them on the surface of the rocks. From the description given, the picture-writing bears a close resemblance to that found in Mexico and Central America. If this supposition be true, a careful study might reveal to the archaeologist some insight into the origin or wanderings of a dead and forgotten civilization.

MONTANA'S FIRST QUARTZ-MILL.

It seems to be a well-settled fact, says the *Butte Western Mining World*, that the first quartz-mill ever built in the State of Montana was put up in Bannack in 1864. This mill was built of wooden stamps on which pieces of wagon-tires and other old iron plates were used for shoes. This mill was intended to work gold quartz ores entirely. The first silver-mill was unquestionably the old Pioneer, now owned by the Hope Company near Philipsburg. The pans for this mill were shipped by wagon all the way from San Francisco, and in crossing the Rio Virgin, in Southern Utah, the wagon and teams sunk in the quicksands and the pans were buried there for several weeks until they could be dug out and raised by derricks.



STEEL WINDMILL AND TOWER-CARRYING TANK.



VANQUISHING A WHALE.

Some time ago a whale that had apparently grown tired of 'a life on the ocean wave and a home in the rolling deep,' wandered into the Strait of Juan de Fuca bent upon a voyage of discovery, and frequently, during the early summer, passengers on the incoming steamers reported having sighted the cetacean at various points on Puget Sound. About the first of last August he had reached the placid waters of Henderson's Bay, about twelve miles southwest of Tacoma. Here he seemed content to rest from his journeyings, and could be seen cavorting about daily, apparently for the sole delectation of the summer residents of Stellacoom, Long Branch, De Lano Beach, and other near-by suburban summer resorts. Frequent excursion parties visited the bay in yachts, launches and row-boats, and, at a respectful distance, followed in the wake of the whale and watched its maneuvers with the greatest interest.

It was not long before amateur whaling parties were organized, and, provided with all manner of weapons, from a revolver to a six-pound cannon, started out to capture the sportive leviathan. But their fusillade did not seem to trouble or worry him in the least; it seemed to be only an amusing diversion, and he carried on a game of hide-and-seek with the would-be whalers that was exceedingly tantalizing.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, September 1, however, a hunting party consisting of Harvey H. Allger, Charles H. Allger, Carl Evans and John Purple, all of them experienced oarsmen and fishermen, quietly left the city in a couple of ordinary skiffs, provided with a number of crude lances and harpoons of their own manufacture and several hundred fathoms of rope. Late in the evening they sighted the whale, and after a lively chase of several hours they succeeded in getting near enough to put a harpoon into his side. This quickly brought the creature to a realization of his danger, and with a great snort of pain he began to dive and spout as he started off through the water at a terrific speed. About two hundred fathoms of the line were passed out and then securely fastened, allowing the whale to trail both boats in his wake. He continued thus to tow the boats throughout the night, circling around and about the islands of the bay—never stopping, and only occasionally slackening his pace.

The bay was brilliant with phosphorescence as the monster darted through the water at a fearful rate, splashing and churning it into foam. In the early morning, shortly after daylight, they succeeded in planting another harpoon in his body, a large barrel buoy being attached to the line about one hundred feet from the harpoon. As the noon hour approached they managed to drive a lance into his side. He dived instantly, and upon coming to the surface a stream of blood was spouted upward to a height of three or four feet. Shortly afterwards they fell in with a number of fishermen in a couple of row-boats; they were taken in tow, also, and for five or six hours the whale drew the four boats along with undiminished speed. Several times, during the afternoon, as he doubled on his trail, they thrust the cruel lance deep into his side. The whale seemed to act very cowardly; he never acted on the aggressive, and gave no evidence whatever of a desire to attack his tormentors; on the contrary, he would dive out of sight whenever a boat neared him.

A peculiarity that was decidedly unpleasant to his pursuers was the nauseating and almost unbearable odor that emanated from the whale everytime he spouted. So terrible a stench the men had never experienced before, and they could only account for it upon the theory that the odor was possibly one of the animal's means of defense. This peculiarity was referred to, a number of years ago, by Dr. William H. Dall in the *American Naturalist*, volume iii, page 334, where he asked for further information upon the subject from New Bedford whalers.

For five long days and nights these intrepid toilers of the sea were continuously *en voyage* three hundred feet in the rear of the whale, almost constantly towed hither and thither through the intricacies of the islands of the bay and The Narrows. On Sabbath evening the cetacean was rendered practically helpless by numerous thrusts of lance and harpoon. A little steamer that was near came to the rescue at this time. It was made fast to the huge carcass by one of the lines, and proceeded to tow it to Quartermaster Harbor. This was not done without protest on the part of the dying monster, however. He frequently and vigorously manifested his disapproval, and put out his long flippers and so retarded the

progress of the steamer that for a time it was nip and tuck as to which would tow the other. It is estimated that the whale had towed the two boats and their occupants at least two hundred miles before he finally succumbed and was captured.

At Quartermaster Harbor a large barge was sunk upon the beach, and the whale was floated over it at high tide. When the tide receded, the monster was left upon the deck. All the water was then pumped out of the barge, and it was floated by the incoming tide—the whale on board! On the day following the barge was towed by a tug to the city dock, where the colossal corpse was viewed by thousands of people.

The total length of the whale was forty-five feet. It was particularly notable for the immense size of its head, which constituted at least one-third of the entire length of the body and was quite narrow above, but very broad below, where it consisted chiefly of a large under lip, which completely overlapped the upper lip. The eyes were very small, and they were situated just above the angles of the mouth. The pectoral fins were each about nine feet in length, and about two feet behind the angles of the mouth. The greatest circumference of the cylindrical body was a little behind the pectoral fins, where the full diameter, or breadth, was about eleven feet. The caudal fin measured thirteen feet across from tip to tip. The tail, which is wielded by muscles of enormous power, constitutes the sole means of offense and defense in the whale; for it has no teeth wherewith to bite. A single blow of the tail, well delivered, would be sufficient to crush an ordinary row-boat or send it whirling through the air. The plates of whalebone are the substitutes for teeth in the mouth. They are ranged vertically and transversely in two series that descend from the palatal surface of the upper jaw and terminate in a fringe of very coarse hairs on their lower and inner margins, where they come in contact with the upper surface of the bulky tongue, when the mouth is closed. The molluscos and crustaceans which constitute its food, are bruised into a pulp between the muscular tongue and the coarse fibers of the whalebone, and swallowed. Many large barnacles were attached to the pectoral fins, to the lower jaw, and to various parts of the body.

After the whale had been upon exhibition for about a week, it was taken across the bay and a large amount of oil was extracted from the blubber, the bones being cleaned carefully and preserved for mounting. The accompanying illustration, reproduced from a photograph, will give a very good idea of the appearance of the whale as it was lying upon the beach at Quartermaster Harbor, about six miles from Tacoma.

MERIDEN S. HILL.

TO MAKE WOLF KILL WOLF.—A Western genius has made a discovery which, if all that he claims for it be true, will settle the coyote and wolf question for all time. The discovery consists of a yellowish-brown liquid. The mode of extermination is to trap a wolf or coyote alive and inject three drops of the fluid beneath the skin. This operation is repeated three times in twelve hours, at the end of which time the animal, with green-eyed, dilated pupils, frothing at the mouth and raving mad, is released and turned loose. It lives from thirty to forty hours, after being liberated; but, like a dog with hydrophobia, it bites everything that it comes in contact with, and as every other wolf thus bitten becomes inoculated, the poison spreads and death follows at a rapid rate. It is cruel, perhaps, but effective.



A REPRESENTATIVE WHEAT-FIELD IN CLAY COUNTY, MINN.

CLAY COUNTY, IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

Now that many inquiries are being constantly made about Northern Minnesota farm-lands, I propose to answer, in a general way, certain broad questions that are of special interest to prospective settlers. The first question usually asked is, "What can you raise in your neighborhood?" I will reply to this by saying that we can raise here in Clay County everything that can be grown in the most favored portions of Iowa or Southern Minnesota. The next question is, "How can you get this produce to market?" We have in our county five lines of railroads, two lines north and south, one line east and west, and two important branches. These furnish every part of the county with fairly convenient transportation. There are a number of good towns in the county, three of which are railroad divisional points. The soil varies somewhat throughout the county, but it can be said to be almost a uniform black, sandy loam, with a clay subsoil. Sufficient rainfall to ensure crops has always been the rule here; besides, the county is well watered by a large number of small lakes, and drained by both forks of the Buffalo River, one from the east through the center of the county, and the other from the south, making a junction at about the center of the county and emptying in the Red River, which drains the county on the west its entire length.

Considerable timber exists in the county along the streams. Broad strips of oak, basswood, cottonwood, maple and birch skirt all the creeks, and plenty of fuel can always be obtained from this source. Hardwood sells here from \$3.50 to \$4 per cord. The general outline of the county is a gently-rolling prairie, nearly every acre of which can be cultivated. The average yield of wheat in this region would be about eighteen bushels, other cereals thriving equally well. The population is fairly mixed, but Scandinavians predominate. The price of lands varies a good deal with the local conditions and improvements, but, as a general rule, wild land here is considered very cheap. Several causes have operated to bring this about. A large tract of railroad grant land was in litigation until 1892, when it was adjusted and put on the market at low prices. Then, too, large bodies of lands held by Eastern speculators were forced on the market by the panic of the following year, and the University of Minnesota had some land here which was offered at a low figure. All these lands produced a very depressing feeling in the county and resulted in bringing down the price of all wild lands. Moorhead, the largest town in the county, is the judicial seat, and land in that section is pretty expensive. New settlers are

coming in gradually, and paying good prices for improved farms.

A decided movement of settlers is quite noticeable at three points in the county—Ulen, in the north and on the Manitoba branch of the Northern Pacific; Hawley, about the center of the county on the main line of the Northern Pacific; and Barnesville, on the Great Northern and in the southern portion of the county. Ulen is comparatively a new town and is now well started, and sure to make a brisk and thrifty community. All lines of mercantile business are well represented, and schools and churches are not behind in the general progress. Many new settlers have bought lands tributary to this point during the past year. The soil around Ulen is a black loam with a clay subsoil, and wild lands can be bought there for \$4 to \$7 per acre, improved farms bringing \$8 to \$20 per acre.

Hawley, on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway, lies in about the center of the county north and south, and is a very important business point. The population of the place is about 400. It is as busy a little place of that size as it is possible to find in the Northwest. There are two creameries, eight general stores, three hardware stores, one drug-store, two lumber-yards, three elevators and one bank; in fact, a general equipment of successful business concerns. The location of two creameries at this point would indicate a diversifying disposition among the farmers, which is being pushed and encouraged by the business people as much as possible. Flax-growing around Hawley is proving quite profitable and successful, and is reducing the wheat acreage around this point considerably. Wild prairie-land can be bought here, within three to five miles of the railroad, for \$7 to \$10 per acre; while improved farms, about the same distance from the railway, are held at \$10 to \$20 per acre. The soil is a black, sandy loam. The land has a gentle roll, and is being bought freely at the above prices.

The principal new-comers are old, successful farmers from the thickly-settled portions of Iowa, Southern Minnesota and Wisconsin, and a good many substantial Scandinavians from other portions of these States. These new settlers appear to be thoroughly satisfied with their location, as I notice flattering testimonials from many of them, speaking highly of the soil and its productiveness and expressing their general satisfaction with Northern Minnesota.

Barnesville, the second largest town in Clay County, is an important division point on the Great Northern Railroad, and, apart from the sustenance afforded by the railroad's oper-

ations, it would be well supported by its large territory of excellent agricultural land. The country east of town is a rolling prairie, the west being a stretch of almost level country. The soil is a black, sandy loam from twelve to thirty inches deep, with a clay subsoil. The prices of wild lands here run from \$5 to \$10 per acre, improved lands ranging from \$8 to \$15 per acre. Barnesville has made notable strides in substantial business blocks in the past two years. One visiting the town after an absence of three or four years, would be surprised at the solid growth of the place. This section is unusually attractive for farmers. The large number of railroad employees affords a good local market. This, with other desirable conveniences in the way of elevators, two large flour-mills, two banks and a full complement of strong business houses, with good schools and churches and other social advantages, make this progressive place a desirable region in which to own a home or to cultivate a farm. Dairying has advanced rapidly in Clay County. The profits from this source are so encouraging that it is bound to double with the next two years. There are now five creameries and several skimming stations in the county, and several others will probably be established before 1898 rolls around. All in all, it is one of the best counties in the State—a county that is certain to receive its full share of new settlers and new wealth.

R. G. REEN.

A SONG OF SPRING IN THE WILDWOOD.

Oh! fair Mother Nature arose in the morning,
Early in the morning of a young March day,
And sent a swift breeze with a soft note of warning
To old Mr. Winter to hasten on his way.
For old Mr. Winter he still dilly-dallies,
List'ning at the casement, ling'ring on the moor,
But the south wind, seeking thro' all his shady valleys,
Sends him to his castles on the Blue Berg shore.

Then Dame Nature, calling all her aids together,
Binds the willing winds and uses them for brooms,
And whirling, swirling off, as lightly as a feather,
Go the drifts of dead leaves from corners of her rooms.

Rain-clouds above come low and lower drooping,
Dashing pearly torrents on the floors, brown and bare,
Till nalads and till dryads go, all together trooping,
Footing to the merry pitter-patter everywhere;

When, lo! over all sweeps the sun's streaming tresses,
Golden are the meshes which the bright loom weaves,
And the kind mother now all her tree-children dresses,
Slipping over naked arms their green, shining sleeves.

Her new carpet's laid,—more beautiful than Brussels,
Dotted o'er with spring-flowers, real as they can be;—
At ev'ry forest window a new curtain rustles,
And house-cleaning's over for the spring jubilee.

She kneels on the turf and she breathes into Flower-land:—

"Hasten," to the violet, "hasten" to the rose:
"Come! Lift your pretty heads, come up to our land.
Love waits the blossom and the blade as it grows."
She nods to the nixies sitting 'neath the willows,
Lightly go their lutes, and eerily they sing;
She says to the fairies, dancing 'neath the willows,
"Green grows a glade for the dear pixie ring."

She sends word to Birdland, and soon, swiftly winging,
Red birds and blue birds, yellow birds and brown,
White birds and black birds, with clear voices ringing,
Twitter thro' the forest-ways, flutter up and down.
She whispers into Childland, and soon lane and by-way
Echo to the music of the dear, flying fleet;
Patter, patter come the children over hill and highway,
Birds not so beautiful, flowers not so sweet.

With wild curls streaming and with light feet skipping,
They caper and they circle swift as sunbeam's glance,
Till the pixies and the elves of the wood cease tripping,
To gaze in silent envy on the children as they dance.
Birds singing overhead, boughs and blossoms swaying,
Heaven shining love down, plain as plain can be,
Back let me wander and in dreams go a-straying
Where Nature in the wildwood holds her spring jubilee.

CARBIE SHAW RICE.

Tacoma, Wash.



MUTINY IN A YAWL.

By Paul Armstrong.

It was on a clear, still August day that I went aboard one of those most useful as well as beautiful creations of modern times, a steel lake freighter. The ocean carries a countless fleet of vessels, mammoth ships and ocean liners, but in that great multitude of crafts there is no class of ships so perfect in appointment, so thoroughly beautiful from stem to stern, from bridge to keelson, and so well adapted to their sphere, as the modern package freight steamers of the lakes. They are fast, safe, and comfortable; therefore, to one who cares to rest, to be careless and lazy, there is no better place than aboard one of them.

The captain was a gentle, quiet man who knew the lakes as a cat knows its way home. He was said to have the best discipline of any man on the lakes, and the best ship. I had become acquainted with him by chance, and, as I knew the owner of the ship, I had often been aboard. He had once asked me, in the presence of the owner, to take a trip, and as the owner pressed the invitation, I had accepted.

We were under way and the captain had given the course, which the wheelsman echoed. I spoke of the beauty of the boat and the shipshape way in which everything was done, and then of the discipline of the crew.

"A steamboat without discipline is dangerous to be aboard of," he said.

"On the lakes?" I asked.

The captain looked at me curiously for a moment, and then said:

"Well, yes. I happen to have left a boat in the middle of Lake Superior, one November afternoon, which was one of the boats where discipline was thought to be useless. It is only because I am lucky that I am here."

"Did she sink?" I queried.

"Hit the reef and broke in two. Lack of discipline, I tell you, means trouble. On the sea, in years gone by, it usually ended in mutiny, but on these lakes we seldom hear the word. But I saw a crew—an entire crew, mate and all, but myself—refuse to do as the captain commanded, and every one, including the captain, lost his life thereby. I was the one man left to profit by the lesson taught, and you can believe I learned it, and learned it well.

"I'll tell you about it," said the old fellow, after a look astern.

"It happened ten years ago, when I was second mate. We were bound down from Duluth with grain. We left there with a light breeze from the southwest, and it looked as if we were going to have a good run; but at dusk the wind hauled due north and began to blow.

"I have been on these lakes thirty years, now, and have pounded out many a blow, but I'll give you my word that that was the worst one that ever blew. Of course, we couldn't round-to in it, as going back was as bad as going on; so we kept wallowing along.

"The old man—the captain is always the old man, you know—didn't like it and kept staggering around all the first watch. He was nervous, and I could see it. Just before I turned in he asked me what I thought of it. I told him I

thought it would blow still harder. He shook his head, and said 'I'm afraid so.'

"My berth was th'ot ships, and I managed to keep in it in spite of her rolling, and after awhile I got to sleep. It was just breaking day when something broke adrift on deck and came against the house with a crash. I jumped out of my berth just as the ship took another roll that sent me against the door with a bang. I got hold of something and managed to get into my oil-skins and out on deck.

"Did you ever see a real nasty gale of wind on Lake Superior? Well, if you never have you can't get an idea of the way things looked in that gray, morning light. The sea was running like wallowing mountains, the wind cutting the tops off and throwing it to leeward. The wind was screaming around the house and rigging, and knocking the smoke from the stack flat to the deck every time she would roll. You couldn't see the hatches. The deck was covered with water all the time. The lee scuppers were under a foot, and the sea was breaking over the weather-rail from two to six feet deep. The old boat tumbled and staggered, and when I looked at the mate he shook his head and didn't speak.

"Things looked bad then, and that was at five o'clock in the morning. The old man was on deck, a minute later, and we three stood and watched it and didn't speak. There was nothing to say. We all knew that Keweenaw Point was the only shelter.

"The forenoon wore away slowly, and about ten o'clock we sighted the Point. The ship had been held up a point all night to make her clear the reef, but we were away inside. The old man hauled her out another point and a half, and we ran that way till noon. Then he saw that the only way was to head her into it. I stepped into the pilot-house to lend a hand at the wheel as we brought her around. She got three seas on the bluff of the bow that made her groan. Then she went up on the next one, and dived. When she came out of it the old man was hanging to the hand-railing and there were two feet of water in the pilot-house. The deck was full even with the rail. The old man checked her down and let her dive. It was our only chance to clear the reef. She seemed to be making some way, for a time, but at last we saw she was going astern, and the old man rang her up again.

"Well, to cut the story short, she settled down between two seas, and struck. Her bow paid off and she went broadside to it. The first sea lifted her and left her grating and creaking. The next one put her a little farther on, the engine stopped as the wheel struck the rocks, and everyone hurried aft to the boats. A wheelsman and a watchman were washed overboard, and two coal-passers who lost their heads followed shortly. The engineers and firemen, together with the female cook, were on the lee side of the cabin—aft, and praying. The mate, with the remaining wheelsman and watchman, and also one of the sailors, was trying to launch the boat from the lee davits.

The old man called to them not to let it go until he got there; but you can't get men to obey you unless they are disciplined. They let the boat go with a run. It struck the water and was smashed against the rail and stove in. The sea lifted it, the blocks unhooked and it drifted away, with the two firemen who had jumped into it hanging to the seats.

"There was one boat left, and ten people to ride in it. The old man, white as the spray that was blowing over us, called what was left of the crew together and said: 'There is more chance for life on this boat, as long as she holds together, than in that yawl. Let's wait; we'll get the lashings off the boat and get her on the lee davits. We won't launch her yet; the life-saving crew may be here in a little while, and we may not have to. We will wait until the boat starts to go to pieces.'

"The mate and everybody else was good and scared, and the old man had his way for a few moments. We had the boat over to leeward, with the cook and two men in it holding it off, when the main rail, amidships on the weather-side, sprung up two or three feet. We knew what it meant. She had broken in two! We climbed into the yawl and waited for a lull. Then we let her down and pushed off before anything happened.

"We were going dead before it, and, although the sea was something awful, we were in no immediate danger. After we were well clear of the reef, the old man said: 'We will hold her off a little and go under the lee of the Point. We can get there in an hour.'

"No; beach her on the Point," said the mate; and all the men said, 'Yes; beach her!'

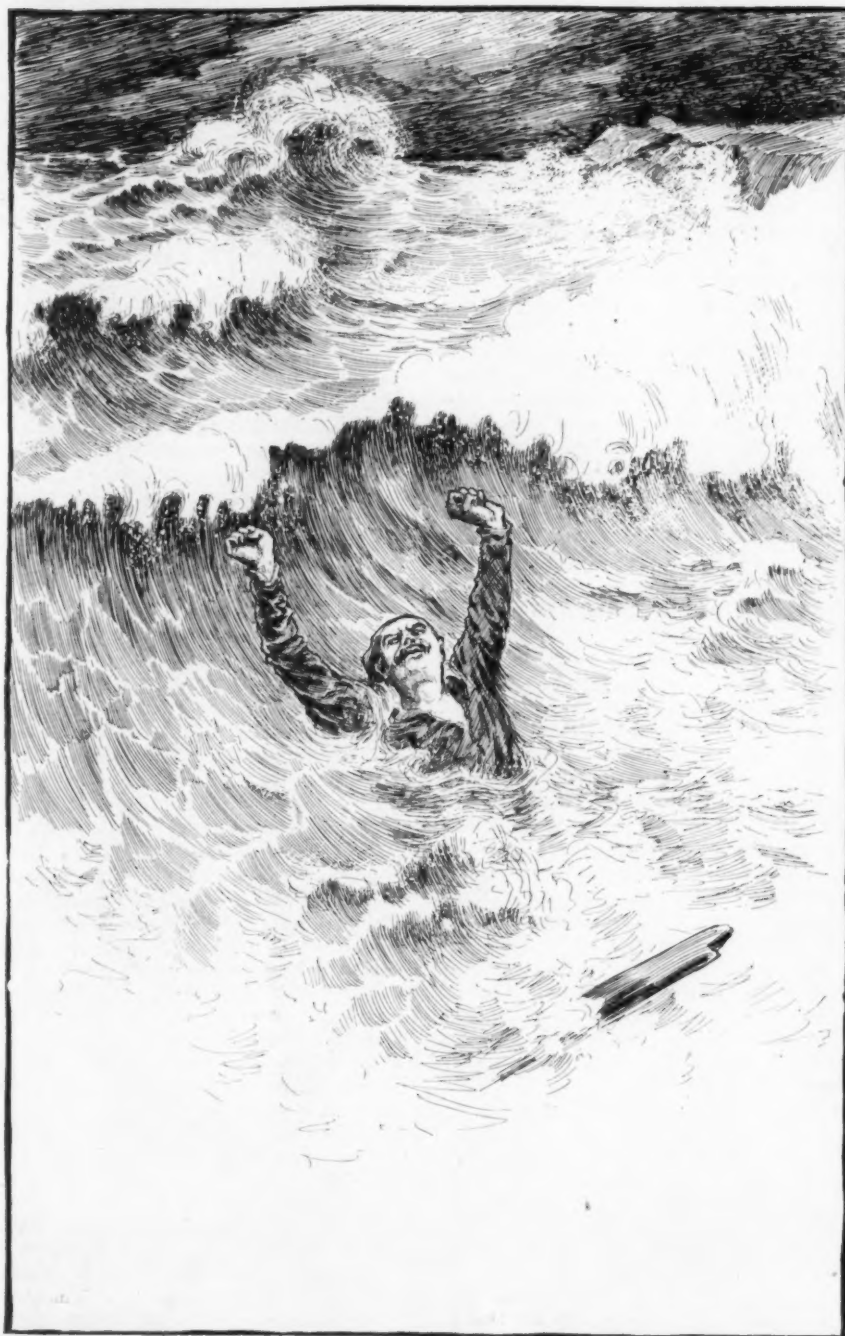
"The old man argued with them—tried to tell them that the boat wouldn't live in those breakers; but, no, they would have their way.

"At last the captain demanded that they pull around the Point, but they pulled straight on, murmuring their dissent.

"I was with the old man, and said so, but the mate and everyone else was against him. So there, you see, was mutiny of the worst kind. The one man in the boat who knew what it meant to get into breakers on a lee shore, was treated with contempt.

"We went on, every sea lifting and carrying us toward the breakers. Just before she struck the first one, I remember hearing the old man say, 'She'll never live;—too bad!' Then the boat was lifted, shot forward like a bullet, the sea went past her—and she slid down backward! I heard the cook scream as the next breaker rose up astern of us, hesitated a moment, and then buried us. Half-strangled and nearly stunned, I opened my eyes when I came to the surface, and saw the boat, filled with water, beside me. I grabbed hold, and saw the cook still clinging to the bow seat. Then the watchman came up on the other side, caught hold of the boat and yelled, 'Hang on, Minnie!' and we were engulfed again. The boat shot forward at a terrific speed, but I hung on. Coming to the surface, on top of the breaker, I saw that there was no one left me for company but Jim, the watchman. The cook was gone. In a second we were under water again. The boat carried us with it, but before we came to the surface I could tell by the rush of the water that we were clear of the outer breakers. Jim still clung to the boat. The sea was some smoother and was washing us toward the shore breakers. If we could live to get through them, we would be safe.

"The boat settled in the first one and struck the bottom. The force of the water tore me from it and sent me on. I came to the surface and swam on top of the swell. Then I was under for a minute, until the next one picked me up and carried me on a little farther. When it



"The force of the water tore me from it and sent me on."

went from under me, my feet struck the bottom and I stood until the backset of the sea carried me out again. Then I would come back with the next one, but it would lift me and take me back, as before. I was growing weak, and was no nearer the shore. I saw that I would drown if I did not manage to reach land soon, as I had begun to grow numb. I rose with the next swell and swam till the sea left me, then I lay flat on the bottom and hung to the rocks with my hands; but the backset was stronger than I, and tore me away. Half-strangled, I came in on the next breaker, as far from safety as ever. Then I remember swimming—swimming—mechanically. I could hear the roar of the sea in my ears, and now and then the howl of the wind, when I came to the surface. Then a glimmer of lights, brighter than stars; then darkness and unconsciousness!

"Someone was trying to get something be-

tween my lips. Opening my eyes, I thought I was in heaven. An angel, with yellow hair, was looking at me with big blue eyes.

"'Drink this,' said the angel; and I drank.

"It was brandy. I was in the life-saving station, and the keeper's daughter was holding my head in her arms and smiling at me.

"I was alive!

"The life-saving crew had seen the boat capsize in the first breakers, and had gone to the beach. They saw me in the surf, and one of them had gone after me. The bodies washed ashore, one by one, the next day.

"Do you wonder that I insist upon discipline? I want men to obey me. I may be in the same boat, some day, and if I say 'go to luward,' I want them to go—without a word."

The captain arose and reached for the whistle-rope to answer the signal of an approaching steamer. "Port a half!" he said to the wheelsman.

"Port a half, sir!" came back the respectful echo of the wheelsman.

The captain watched the steamer pass.

"Sow-sowtheast, now," he said.

"Sow-sowtheast, sir," came back the answer.

And then the master turned to me again. A rare, tender smile hovered about his lips. His eyes sought the gracefully-rolling blue, as he said:

"I will add a little to trim that story. I married the woman I thought was an angel. She was the keeper's daughter, and she comes as near being what I reckoned her, when I opened my eyes that afternoon in November, as God dare put on earth. If he built them any nearer like angels, we wouldn't make as good a course for heaven."

UNITED IN DEATH.

There had been a sudden washout,
And the Eastern-bound express,
As it thundered through the darkness
Bore a hundred souls or less;
And the engineer sat peering through the gloom,
But he saw not, till too late, their awful doom.

Blow the signal! Throw the lever!
Stop the monster's labored breath.
On she rushes, all ungoverned,
On, into the arms of death.
In a moment more the night-wind bears the cry
Of the struggling souls who all untimely die.

In the wreck they found a young man
Breathing painfully and slow.
And he told them in a whisper,
While life's tide was ebbing low,
All the load that on his heart so heavy lay;
How the morrow would have been his wedding-day.

And he prayed that they would bear him
To his darling ere he died;
For, if God would let him linger,
He would yet make her his bride.
Oh, he felt it would be sweet for him to die,
If his head upon her breast might pillowed lie.

So they bore him gently to her,
All unconscious of his fate;
Yes, they bore the bridegroom, dying,
Through the well-known picket gate;
And with heavy hearts they knocked upon the door.
And a smiling maiden opened, to smile no more.

And in whispers low he told her,
When he lay upon the bed,
With her kiss upon his forehead
And her hand beneath his head,
How he longed that their two souls might be made one,
Ere the sands of life from out his glass had run.

O how gladly, yet how sadly
Did she grant this last request
Of the dear one slowly breathing
Out his life upon her breast!
And the minister performed the sacred rite,
While the bridegroom's soul was poising for the flight.

As the solemn words were uttered,
"I pronounce thee man and wife,"
His freed spirit found in heaven
A far sweeter, nobler life;
And the smile that o'er his pallid features passed,
Told the weary soul had entered rest at last.

So they laid him, gently laid him
In his earthly mother's womb,
While the weeping maiden-widow
Poured her grief upon his tomb.
Every day she laid fresh flowers on his bier—
The bright blossoms that he used to love so dear.

As these earthly buds would wither,
So the maiden, day by day,
Neath the tropic sun of sorrow
Wilted, grief-stricken, away;
And one morn they found her withered mid her flowers,
With her peaceful face bathed by the summer showers.

And they laid her with her loved one,—
Laid her reverently to rest,
And they drew one common mantle
O'er each cold and pulseless breast,
But the spirit lives had reached the other shore,
There to live a spirit unit evermore.

Minneapolis, Minn.

W. EARL SMITH.



A Fruit County.

One hundred and ten thousand packages of fruit and vegetables were shipped from Yakima County last year.—*Yakima (Wash.) Herald.*

It Makes Coast Farmers Smile.

The joke of the season is the withdrawal of public lands in Western Washington from settlement "in order to preserve the rainfall." This is a bit of sarcasm which can only be enjoyed by a people who struggle along under an average of 120 inches of rain per year, or the greatest in the United States.—*Hoquiam Washingtonian.*

7,000 Acres in Fruit.

The Yakima (Wash.) *Republic* re-opens the question as to which county in the State belongs the honor of carrying the banner for fruit production. It says that "Yakima County had 4,200 acres in fruit in '95; and, although no table was compiled last year, it must have increased fully 1,500 or 2,000 acres. This spring the new planting will reach hundreds of acres. It is safe to say that fully 7,000 acres are now set to fruit in this county."

After Washington Timber.

An Eastern syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of a large body of white pine, situated at the head of Potlatch and Elk creeks, according to the Garfield (Wash.) *Enterprise*, intending to build a railroad to it from some point where the O. R. & N. and Northern Pacific intersect. At such point they will build a large saw-mill, lath, box, board and sash-and-door factory, all the timber being hauled to that point for manufacture. The capacity of the mill will probably not be less than 100,000 feet per day, yet there is estimated to be enough timber in the body mentioned to keep even a larger mill running full time for at least twenty-five years. The *Enterprise* regards Garfield as the probable base of operations.

A Big Irrigation Ditch.

The Little Klamath Water Ditch Company is building a new ditch and flume in the Tule Lake basin. The company has already done much to reclaim a fertile section. Mr. J. F. Adams, of Merrill, Klamath County, president of the company, while in Klamath Falls recently gave some particulars concerning the new project. Mr. Adams says the new ditch starts at the cut between Little Klamath Lake and Tule Lake Valley and when completed will be twenty-two miles long, sixty feet wide and three feet deep. It will run an average

of one mile above the Little Klamath ditch, and, with the 10,000 inches of water it will carry, will reclaim and irrigate 10,000 acres of rich land. The flume, which is under construction, crosses Lost River at a point between the ranches of N. S. Merrill and Jacob Crawford. It will be 600 feet long, 32 feet wide and three feet deep, the box alone containing 85,000 feet of sawed lumber, besides the timbers, which will be hewed. The new ditch will run on a grade of seven-tenths of a foot to the mile, while the old one was built on a grade of one and eight-tenths feet.

Two miles of the ditch have already been dug, and at least five miles will be completed this spring. In order to advance that section as fast as possible, the company has offered to furnish water free the first year to all those who sow alfalfa, and for as many acres as each rancher will sow. The company engaged in this enterprise is composed of ranchers and it is run on a co-operative system.—*Portland Oregonian.*

A Northwestern Dairy Board of Trade.

The Northwestern Dairy Board of Trade was duly organized in St. Paul on April 16, the following officers having been chosen for the first year:

President, Henry Ames, Litchfield; vice-president, B. D. White, Manchester; secretary, J. H. Beek, St. Paul; treasurer, J. S. Moody, St. Paul; Board of Directors, Henry Ames of Litchfield, E. D. Child of Crookston, B. D. White, J. S. Moody and C. C. Emerson of St. Paul, C. G. Rosen of Delano, and Robert Criskmore of Owatonna.

The articles of incorporation cover a period of thirty years from April 16, 1897. The capital stock is \$10,000, divided into 1,000 shares of \$10 each, and the limit of indebtedness is \$5,000. The management is vested in a board of seven directors, who shall be chosen annually by ballot. The articles also provide for the election of officers in the usual manner, and fixes the date of the annual meeting on the first Tuesday in April.

Membership was placed at \$10 for dealers and \$5 for producers until July 1, when the rate will be made \$10 for all members. As this will have an important bearing on the success of the en-

terprise, the selection of members was placed in the hands of a competent committee.

Prominent dairymen from all parts of the State, and from Elgin, Ill., and other sections of the country, attended the convention in large numbers and evinced great enthusiasm. The object of this Dairy Board of Trade, as is now very generally known, is to raise the standard of butter products, promote uniformity in grades, maintain good values and find better markets for the annually increasing output—subjects that have already been discussed in this magazine. The great success of the Elgin Dairy Board of Trade makes it almost certain that the St. Paul organization will also be successful in promoting the vast dairy interests of the Northwest.

A Bit of Good Roads Enterprise.

Walla Walla County is to experiment with macadam in building good roads. The county commissioners have let a contract to M. A. Caris for the macadamizing of two of the principal thoroughfares leading into Walla Walla for a distance of one mile. The plan, which is to be considered as an experiment, will be the grading of twenty feet in the center of the sixty-foot roadway, covering the same with a thickness of crushed rock of inch and a quarter cubes. On top, to bind them together, will be placed a thin layer of small gravel, and the whole will be rolled until an even, hard surface is obtained. The commissioners expect to spend about \$2,000 on the work this season.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Oliver Dalrymple's Opinion.

"During the forty-one years I have been in this country," observed Oliver Dalrymple, the noted wheat-farmer of North Dakota, recently, "there has never been so much snow above the ground and so little frost below. Everywhere around Casselton, this winter, we have had not less than three feet of snow on the level. But that three feet has now dwindled down to twelve inches. The snow came very early and the earth was only slightly frozen; so the frost below disappeared quickly. The soil was only too glad to drink up the water. Moisture, of course, is the great lack of that wide stretch of country including Kansas, Nebraska and the two Da-



A SOURCE OF WEALTH.

kotas. Our section can hardly get a surplus of water in the earth. Then there will be fine crops in the fall. Conditions, I should say, are now entirely favorable for good crops all over the Dakotas. There are not likely to be any disappointed farmers, even in those few districts where crops have become almost an annual exception. We are now sure of enough moisture, and we always have enough sunshine and to spare. The soil itself can be relied upon. So I think we have every reason to be hopeful."

North Dakota Settling Up.

Alfred Dickey talks as follows in the Bismarck (N. D.) *Tribune*:

"Unless you have traveled over the State and are actively interested in the land business, you have no idea of the extent to which various parts of the State have been settled in the past few years. Up in Wells County we have sold out every quarter-section of land we had, and other dealers have had the same experience. The Government land-office records will show the extent to which Government lands have been taken up, and another year you will see

350 Shorthorn bulls from Canadian breeders. They will be shipped to Montana this spring. Mr. Wibaux is going into breeding on a very extensive scale, and last year placed on his ranches over 10,000 cows. His contracts for bulls call for registered stock with strains recorded in English herd-books.

Great Revival in Land Sales.

A significant indication of revival of interest in agriculture in the State, says the Tacoma *West Coast Trade*, is found in the fact that the Northern Pacific has sold more land in Washington since January 1 than in any previous period since 1893. Almost the entire amount of these purchases is composed of farming property, and the buyers are actual settlers who will cultivate their holdings this year. There is a general revival of interest in the wheat-producing belt, and lands in Lincoln and Adams counties which have reverted to the company during the past few years, are in demand. Their cultivation will assist materially in swelling the cereal crop of the State, and the splendid covering of snow with which they have

blers, and where thrift and industry will reward the settler many fold when properly directed.

Sugar Factories for Minnesota.

Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of State for the Minnesota Beet Sugar Manufacturing Company, the capital stock being \$2,000,000, divided into 40,000 shares of \$50 each. The incorporators are Theodore F. Koch, St. Paul, John H. Smith, Detroit, Henry Keller and R. J. O'Connell, Sauk Center, all of Minnesota, and two well-known capitalists of Chicago, who are in a measure acting in behalf of the Wholesale Grocers' Association of that city.

The object of the new company is to establish sugar-beet factories throughout the Northwestern States. Speakers have been canvassing the State in the interest of this matter, and it is now almost definitely stated that the first factory will be located at Hastings at a cost of \$250,000. Officials of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad are taking a deep interest in the new scheme, and if their efforts prove success-



CELERY FARM OF CHARLES H. ROSS IN THE PUYALLUP VALLEY, PIERCE COUNTY, WASH.

Mr. Ross says: "After an experience of ten years, I see no reason why celery should not be grown in Washington and shipped to less favored sections at a good profit. Our celery is of superior quality and no difficulty will ever be experienced in finding ready markets for it. Its cultivation should be encouraged."

all the Government lands settled. The railroad companies are putting many good settlers into different localities, and private enterprise is doing the rest. Many good settlers have come up overland from Nebraska and adjoining States, with money to purchase farming-lands. The advance guard of the Dunkards have already arrived, and the first of next month will see the arrival of lots more. The vote at the past election, which was admitted not to be a full one, gives some idea of the growth of the State in population, and many of the settlers of the past few years are not voters yet. The vote at the election of 1898 will be a surprise, and will show what has been going on in the way of immigration in the last two or three years."

Blooded Stock for Montana.

The Montana *Stockman and Farmer* says that the largest purchase of bulls ever made by any Western stockman is being made in Canada by Pierre Wibaux, the Dawson County cattleman, who has placed contracts for the purchase of

been favored during the winter will also tend to increase pasturage and replace the losses which have occurred to the live stock industry by over-shipment of cattle to other points. The land department of the Northern Pacific is seeking in every way possible to foster the progress being made in farming sections, and, in addition to the pursuance of a liberal policy regarding contracts, is endeavoring to give an impetus to sugar-beet culture in various districts, with the intention of inducing capitalists to embark in manufacturing at the proper time.

Good Homes for Thousands.

The Bismarck (N. D.) *Tribune* says that the Northern Pacific has done some good work in the settlement of the James River Valley Country north of Jamestown, and will extend its efforts this year to the settlement of the millions of vacant acres of land in the Bismarck land district, where there are good homes for thousands of the right kind of set-

ful a second factory will be located on their line not far from St. Paul.

It would require the product from about 1,200 acres to supply a factory, and until that amount of land can be pledged for beet raising, the second factory will not be built. The railways have been taking an active interest in the new move, and, with their consent, Senator Keller introduced a bill some time ago fixing a one-rate of freight on all beets shipped from any point within 125 miles of a factory.

Codington County, South Dakota.

Codington County, of which Watertown is the county seat, is located in the eastern-central portion of the State, at the head of the famous Sioux Valley. It has an area of 460,800 acres. The soil is exceedingly fertile, being a rich, dark, sandy loam with clay subsoil; and this fact, together with convenient markets, has attracted to the county a thrifty and intelligent farming population, principally American; but in two or three communities industri-

ous and progressive German, Scotch and Scandinavian settlers predominate.

All northern crops flourish; and, during the agricultural history of the county, beginning with 1878, there has not been a single crop failure. Between the years 1883-87 there was more grain raised in Codington County, according to its area, than in any county in South Dakota. The native grasses of this county are worthy of special mention, affording, as they do, an abundance of hay and pasture for all purposes, and rendering stock-growing one of the leading industries; for today but few counties in the older States can make so creditable a showing in blooded stock as Codington.

Railroads run through the county at nearly every point of the compass, insuring good competing markets. School-houses are located at convenient distances, and church buildings and organizations are sufficiently numerous to accommodate all. In these privileges the farmer enjoys the same advantages that he would in a county of fifty years' settlement.

The county abounds in beautiful fish-bearing streams and lakes, among the former being the Big Sioux, Willow Creek and Stray Horse Creek, while Lake Kampeska, Lake Pelican and Punished Woman's Lake have national reputations, having places in the songs of Longfellow and Mrs. Sigourney.

Farming lands in Codington County can be purchased at \$8 to \$25 per acre, according to location and improvements. To farmers in the East who have a few hundred dollars and wish to better their condition, no section of the West offers better inducements than Codington County. There are six towns in the county, and a number of grain stations. The bonded indebtedness of the county is but \$25,000, county warrants being practically at par.

A. H.

Crop Prospects in the Pacific Northwest.

From existing indications the agricultural products of the Pacific Northwest will be the largest this season in the history of the country. From all sources come news of the greatest wheat acreage to be harvested this year ever known in Eastern Washington. The Walla Walla, Palouse, Big Bend, Yakima and other sections will forego summer fallowing, where it has of late come into some prominence, and crop for the present year, hoping to realize at least fair values following the present range of profitable prices. The fall of moisture at all points has been abundant, a most important requisite for increasing the yield, and there is every reason to expect one of those world-beating crops for which Washington soil is noted.

Hop raising, which has fallen into such disrepute during the past few years that the crop has dropped from 40,000 to less than 10,000 bales, is once more in favor.

Horticulture and dairying show no indications of falling off from the remarkable strides which have been made during the past few years. The former depends to an extent upon the developments of spring and the amount of loss which may have been occasioned by the freeze-up during the past winter, but with the large amount of new orchards coming into bearing both east and west of the Cascades, the reasonable presumption is that the crop of fruits will be found so large that early attention will have to be given to procuring access to consuming markets, and the movement to establish canneries and driers is timely.

There can be little doubt of an increased production of butter and cheese. The farmer has found that dairying brings in a steady revenue at all times, and the establishment and enlargement of creameries continue. Meanwhile the manufacturers are learning lessons

of value in enhancing the keeping quality of our products, which will be utilized to increase the importance of one of the leading agricultural resources of the Pacific Northwest.

The area devoted to oats and potatoes will be enlarged, as the natural sequence of the season of good prices which has been experienced for the 1896 crop, and the same is true of other branches of agriculture, save a probable falling off in the available stocks of hogs and cattle for marketing next fall, owing to the present process of depletion for the local and Eastern market. On the whole, the amount of produce which the farms of Washington will yield in 1897 is practically certain to exceed the best previous crop-year by a very large margin, calling for renewed efforts in establishing our products in markets which afford a return of cash or interchange of commodities.—*Tacoma West Coast Trade.*

A New Montana Coal Mine and Town.

The Billings (Mont.) *Gazette* says: "The Gebo coal mine on the Clark's Fork, which S. W. Gebo has been quietly developing for the past two years, has been sold to a wealthy Omaha syndicate, Mr. Gebo retaining a small interest in the mine. The names of the gentlemen who compose the company have not been given out, except that of F. H. Davis, cashier of the First National Bank of Omaha. Herman Kountze, the New York and Omaha banker, and J. B. McShane of Omaha, are also interested, and perhaps others, but it is believed that the gentlemen already named are the real promoters of the enterprise. They represent a large amount of capital and figure on expending \$240,000 before a ton of coal is shipped from the mine. The sale of the mine carries with it a contract to construct a railroad and have it in operation by the first of July. It will leave the Northern Pacific near Rockvale and be eight or nine miles in length, that company operating it. Development work will at once be commenced on the mine. The latest improved machinery will be put in, and no expense be spared to make it produce as much coal as possible at the very earliest date.

"The company will at once lay out a town site on Clark's Fork, a short distance from the mine. A large grain elevator will also be erected, large stocks of goods will be put in of every description, and no town ever started that had better prospects of rapid growth. Joliet will move over bodily to the new town, several Red Lodge merchants are already calculating on moving or starting branch stores, and it has the wonderful Clark's Fork Valley and most all the agricultural portion of Carbon County to draw from, a greater portion of which is more accessible to the new town than to Red Lodge. It also expects to draw most of the Northern Wyoming trade by reason of the natural road down to Clark's Fork. The trade that now goes to Red Lodge from there must come via the Bad Lands and the big hill, so it will naturally seek the easiest outlet if goods are sold as cheap at the new town. But, while it will be a rival of Red Lodge from a commercial standpoint, the new town cannot take from the old camp the wonderful Rocky Fork mines. They produce a steaming and fuel coal, and will continue to produce as much as ever. The Clark's Fork coal will not enter into competition with it, and Red Lodge will always be a thriving and bustling town as long as the Rocky Fork mines are operated. Thus the development of the new mine means another good town for Carbon County, another market for her agricultural products, a largely increased assessment roll, and general prosperity. She is to be congratulated upon her bright prospects, for the new county is no doubt destined to become one of the very richest in Montana."

A MONTE CRISTO IN THE CASCADES.

Viewed in retrospect, it was indeed a gem of trips from bustling Seattle, on Puget Sound, in the State of Washington, to the mining town of Monte Cristo in the Cascades. Puget Sound, with its vast evergreen forests and shining mountain ranges, is indescribably magnificent on a clear day in May or June, and sometimes in July; but the late tourist is liable to meet with disappointment on account of the blank walls of smoke and fog, which often shut out the landscape on every hand. Some of the smoky effects are truly remarkable, but this does not keep one from longing for the mountains.

One may travel from Olympia—at the head of navigation, to Victoria, up Hood Canal, down the Straits to Cape Flattery, through the San Juan Archipelago and back by the "inside route," and find interminable ranges, with giant peaks clad in perpetual snow, guarding the horizon on either hand and dressed in fair colors like unto jewels. If a nearer acquaintance with these hoary monarchs of the ages be desired, visit the mining town of Monte Cristo. More of the character of the Cascades may be learned in this brief journey than in any like distance that is so easily traveled.

The writer visited it with an excursion party one summer day in 1894, and experienced hours of unmixed pleasure. The day was fair, the season auspicious. On every cliff, bank and shore of lake or river, the wild flowers bloomed in profusion. Within a few hours we beheld ripe fruit, summer flowers, spring blossoms and tender verdure, snow-banks, cataracts, and extensive snow-fields. The great, dark, heavy forest of rich evergreens dipped its boughs in plunging waterfalls, at one memorable spot trailing a fringe of maiden-hair ferns at the brink of Granite Falls, on the Stillaguamish River. From the beetling crags fell hundreds of glittering cascades from melting snows above. At one point a great cornice was plainly visible. There was yet snow enough on the heights to afford a delicious contrast with the fresh young vegetation on the lower slopes.

Our destination reached, we found it was only March instead of June; but the sun shone brightly and a convenient spot was found, near a sparkling stream, where we unconcernedly partook of an abundant repast—the most fascinating feature of which was the dessert of huge, luscious home-grown strawberries. I say unconcernedly, because we had unwittingly chosen a nice, mossy slope just above the powder-house! Another time we will seek a sylvan shade in some other direction. There is no knowing just the conditions of the "die-in-a-minute" state of existence, as I have heard it named by a young miner, but visitors, naturally enough, do not feel the confidence that leads a miner to thaw a frozen stick of dynamite by carrying it in his boot-leg.

Monte Cristo is situated at the junction of Seventy-six and Glacier creeks,—which, from this point, constitute the Sauk River. The mining interests of this little town are very considerable. By a large expenditure of money, a railway was built through a forbidding region to tap the Monte Cristo mining district. From far up the mountain the ore is carried by bucket tramway to the concentrator and then transported by rail to the smelter at Everett. It is said that J. D. Rockefeller and his associates

put into the road and in Everett and the mines the sum of \$4,000,000.

The snows of winter fall heavily on the roofs of the little, straggling village, as we saw by the warped, shattered and demolished remains of the same. The surrounding peaks afford plenty of hard mountain-climbing for the adventurous and for lovers of grand scenery. The mountain at whose base nestles the town, interposes its huge bulk to shut out unimagined wonders of needles, slides, glaciers, box-canyons and parks with all their gorgeous apparel. And right here I must be allowed to quote a portion of the description of the Monte Cristo Alps by A. M. Reynolds, which partially portrays other regions in the Cascades, as well:

"Across the precipice-bounded valley a sea of mountains stretches in rugged confusion to the horizon, rising and falling in graceful slopes, or towering in sentinel-like peaks that contrast their jagged nakedness with the somber green of the lower hills. Numerous patches of glistening snow add variety to a combination already beautiful; and just across the valley, scarcely a mile distant, the exquisite little Silver Lake reposes in the shelf-like depression that almost overhangs the valley a thousand feet below. Seventy-five miles to the southwest, snow-clad Rainier rears its lofty cone-looking, in the uncertain haze of the far distance, like a great white cloud; and, when the atmospheric conditions are favorable, far to the west a mysterious surface of glittering silver reveals the waters of Puget Sound."

On our return we seemed to have grown a little, and as we gradually descended to the lower grades the prospect appeared fairer than at first. An obliging stop at the tunnels allowed the photographers, both amateur and professional, to get some views of the roaring waters, rocky cliffs and luxuriant verdure. The pretty

white trilliums, "bleeding-hearts" and fairy spiræas seemed to nod and beckon as we passed them a second time, and we felt that a cruel fate withheld them from our reach; but the lovely pictures they made, with their fascinating surroundings, are present with us always.

E. I. DENNY.

RICH INDIANS OF IDAHO.

The Portland *Oregonian* says that an unusual condition exist on the Nez Perce Reservation. The Indians are holding about \$500,000 of idle money. The failure of banks in which the money belonging to some Indians were deposited, made the simple-minded shy of banks and bankers. On the other hand, the Lewiston bankers have refused to receive money on time deposit with interest, in accordance with established custom. These bankers have all the money they can use profitably without taking interest deposits. The circumstances have caused the Indians to hoard their money at home. They have been liberal in their expenditures, as a class, but their receipts have been far in excess of their needs. Business men who possess the confidence of the Indians have been tendered the free use of large sums of this money, without interest, and there are instances where the capitalists have offered to pay the white men to keep their money safely. These offers, however, are not made recklessly, although in all cases they may have not been made wisely.

THE PHENOMENA OF TEMPERATURE.

Denizens of the farther East smile provokingly when the dweller from the Upper Mississippi or Missouri Valley speaks of "a dry cold which you do not feel." He looks upon that as fancy correlative with the boom spirit. Yet

his provoking smile is born of ignorance; the Western man is advancing a scientific fact. He knows it because he has felt it; the scientist knows it because his mistress science has proved it to his understanding.

Temperature 20 below zero, when felt in the land of the Dakotas, is less disagreeable than zero weather at Chicago, Cincinnati, New York or Washington. With the temperature at zero in Washington City, the discomfort is greater than in St. Paul at 32 below zero.

This phenomenon also holds good when hot waves roll over the country. Upon the high plateaus skirting the Rocky Mountains, in the inter-mountain basin between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas or Cascades, and even upon the extreme Pacific Coast, invalids safely exert themselves in the bright sunshine when the temperature is 90 in the shade, while robust persons go about their duties with no danger to life or health when the thermometer registers 100 and above. A tragic interest has come to attach to a season of extreme heat or cold in the country east of the Mississippi. A heated period or a cold wave comes as a calamity, dealing suffering to the poor and death to many. —*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

ICE-RAMS FOR THE GREAT LAKES.—A Lake Superior captain proposes to make navigation of the great lakes possible throughout the winter by having vessels constructed forward like rams for ice-breaking, so as to force the masses of ice upward instead of crushing them down, as now. If the experimental steamers which the inventor hopes to have running next winter between Duluth and Buffalo should prove that even the northern lakes may be kept open in winter, railway rates and tonnage might be seriously affected. But the possibility of breaking the ice would by no means end the dangers of winter navigation.



MONTE CRISTO, WASHINGTON.

"The mountain at whose base nestles the town, interposes its huge bulk to shut out unimagined wonders of glaciers, canyons and parks."



The Land of Specimens.

"This is the land of specimens," says Van B. DeLashmutt in a Spokane letter to the *Portland Oregonian*. "One sees them in the hotels, saloons, restaurants, and in the show-windows and on the cars. The lawyers, the ministers, and even the servant girls, are loaded down with them; in fact, one is never entirely free from seeing or hearing about them, except when he is asleep. Frequently, on rising in the morning, one feels as if one's bed-tick might be filled with them. They tend to excite, to educate and to deceive both their owners and the public; for, while the country is running riot with excitement, and the glamour and glisten of the precious metal are always placed first, no practical miners are exerting themselves to any considerable extent to explain the immense chasm between a rich specimen and a paying mine."

A Night Under the Snow.

As everyone knows, the snowfall in the Northwest last winter was of the phenomenal order—as much of a surprise to residents as it was to passing strangers. Among the stories told of local experiences is the following, from the Bismarck (N. D.) *Settler*, of Nicholas Spain and his daughter.

Mr. Spain and his family, according to the *Settler*, live on their farm southeast of Menoken and about fifteen miles from Bismarck. One Saturday Mr. Spain and Miss Katie drove to Bismarck on business, and sometime in the afternoon they started to drive home. All went well until they reached an abandoned farm south of Menoken, when they could no longer see the road, on account of snow or fog, and the horses refused to keep it. What should they do?—wander about on the open prairie, wallowing in snow-drifts until their horses were exhausted and themselves frozen or chilled through, or should they make an effort to protect themselves and their team where they were until another day? They wisely chose the latter alternative; and so, unharnessing their horses, they blanketed them and tied them to the sleigh. Then they excavated a room in a snow-drift that was conveniently near, and, furnishing it with such wraps as they had, took quiet and peaceable possession.

What they said, did or thought during all the long and weary hours of that night, would no doubt make quite a book; but that they lived, and, barring a slight frosting of Mr. Spain's feet, were little worse for their night under the snow, serves the full purpose of this narrative.

Expensive Alaskan Beef.

The first fresh beef ever offered for sale at Circle City, Alaska, was brought in from Forty-Mile, a distance of 250 miles, the cattle having been driven thither from the Coast.

Stimulated by the efforts of Bishop Rowe to erect a hospital at that point for the benefit of the miners, says the *Alaska News*, a number who were wintering at Circle conceived the idea of getting up a benefit of some kind for the hospital fund. The Miners' Association took hold of the affair and gave a minstrel show in Snow's opera-house which was said to have been a decidedly howling success. R. J.

McArthur was business manager, "Casey" Moran blossomed forth as the stage manager, and the particularly bright, effulgent black-face stars of the evening were Frank Gage, "Road-Agent" Hill, Harry King and "Pine Bud" Briggs. Tickets were sold at \$1.50 each, and after the performance everybody danced all night at four bits a throw. Nearly \$800 were realized by the evening's entertainment.

The hospital fund received another substantial addition during the holidays. Tom O'Brien packed the ten and one-half pounds of Thorp beef from Forty-Mile to Circle City, 250 miles distant. It was the first fresh beef that was ever in the camp, and the first that many of the old-timers had seen in years and years. It was placed on exhibition. After everybody had suffered with palpitation of the heart from too intense gazing and longing, it was taken down and raffled off for the benefit of the hospital. Tickets were drawn ranging in price from fifty cents to \$2.50 each, the amount realized from the chunk of loin being \$480, nearly \$48 a pound.

Cured by Experience.

A story was told on the dock recently, in Seattle, of three young men who were cured of the Alaskan fever in a very practical manner. They had concluded that they would go on the "Al-Kl," and had purchased three berths. A little later they were talking the matter over with an aged relative of experience.

"Now, you boys," said the aged adviser, "want to remember that it's pretty cold up there. It's pretty low temperature here today, but nothing to what you'll find on the Yukon. Now, let me advise you. Before going to that country you would better have some experience. You may not like it, and then you will want to come back. Tonight promises to be pretty cold. I have a tent at my house that I used when in Alaska. You boys take the tent out on Queen Anne hill and sleep in it tonight."

He looked at his watch.

"It is now 10 o'clock. Don't eat anything until about 8 o'clock this evening. Then build a fire in your tent, cook some beans and bacon, fix up some unsweetened black coffee, and make a meal. Until bed-time, sit around the fire smoking and chewing tobacco and playing cards, and then fix up a rough bunk on the ground and sleep until morning. If you enjoy it, go to Alaska; if not, stay at home."

The boys caught up with the idea enthusiastically, and promised to carry out the programme. Whether they did or not is not known, but yesterday morning three miserable-looking boys canceled three tickets on the "Al-Kl," and as they humbly left the steamship office one was heard to say:

"Do you really suppose it gets that cold in Alaska?"—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

An Old Miner's Castles.

The Clancy (Mont.) *Miner* speaks of an odd character just below Montana City. When that gold zone began to catch its second wind, some two years ago, he suddenly appeared on the scene and began putting up flag-poles, on each of which he floated a white banner. He seems to have about a dozen mineral locations along the bank of the creek, within pistol-shot of the Great Northern and Montana Central railway tracks. The creek runs between the railway lines and his cabins, a rushing mountain torrent about thirty or forty feet across, and perhaps three or four feet deep. The old fellow has constructed a draw-bridge across the creek that would do credit to the "Last of the Barons" in the old feudal days. When he crosses to his side of the creek he pulls up his bridge and cuts off all communication. He has two castle-like residences, built of stone and hewed

lumber, which loom up on the side of the canyon like the turreted castle of some Dutch lord, or like those which we fancy were built and inhabited by the Moors in the ancient days of Castile and Arragon. As the train slips by you get a flash of the place from the windows; you see the white flags flying and the rocky castles perched upon the cliff; you note the dark green of the pines, the red and yellow patches of oxidized color put on the picture by nature's brush; you see the open mouths of several tunnels, whose inner depths look black and gloomy; and while these have awakened your curiosity and are photographed on your brain, the train has sped past and you turn to inquire from some one in the car what it all meant. But no one seems to know. He and his surroundings are an interesting feature of the landscape, and one that attracts universal attention from the passengers between Clancy and Helena.

The Search for Crazy Jane.

In the fall of '81 about twenty prospectors were assembled in the Florence Basin. They had gathered there in response to the report that gold had been discovered a few weeks before in that region. Among these pioneers were three farmers from the Willamette Valley, who were classed as tenderfeet by the Californians. The prospectors from the Golden State were the aristocrats of the mountains in those days.

One night these farmers lost their pack-animals, one of which was a mule called Crazy Jane. This beast was noted for a proclivity to stray off into impregnable jungles. One of the tenderfoot prospectors was a weak-minded musician, and, as he was worthless as a prospector, the chief task assigned him was to look after Crazy Jane.

One day the stubborn mule strayed away while the musician was making a flute out of a hollow elder-stick. In the evening, when the partners returned, the camp was deserted by both man and pack-animals. The whole basin was a waste of dead pines that stretched bare limbs to the heavens like white, ghostly arms.

The poor musician wandered listlessly on the trail of the mule, as she meandered after the scattering tufts of mountain grass, till night settled over the gloomy mountain scene. The wind howled through the dead trees. From the distance would come the cries of the primeval woods. Perhaps a leaning trunk would creak against its supporting neighbor. From a gulch over a hill came a long-drawn groan.

The man of music stopped his whistling and hastened forward. He thought the cry was the braying of Crazy Jane. He hurried forward, tumbling over the trunks of trees. He passed over and beyond the gulch to the next sloping divide, to be called back by the same doleful sound. He had become possessed with the idea that Crazy Jane was in distress and was calling him to release her from suffering and danger.

He beat about the woods desperately till the wind ceased and the creaking of the trees died away like the death-march that passes in the night. Then he sat down, exhausted and bewildered. He fell asleep, before the dawn, and aroused at sunrise with a burning thirst in his throat. He went to the trickling stream that was heard, twenty feet away. He stooped to drink, and glittering nuggets were before his bleared eyes! He gathered up a handful of the gold and started in search of camp—and perhaps the pack-animals were forgotten, for Crazy Jane dropped out of history here.

The three tenderfeet started to locate the ground from which the nuggets came, but the musician had become so completely confused that he could not retrace his steps. The gulch was not found till after a search of a week. Out of Lost Gulch came more than five hun-

dred pounds of gold-dust; and this treasure was revealed to the wanderer in search of Crazy Jane by the groanings of an old dead tree in the night!—*Lewisston (Id.) Teller.*

Life in the Cariboo District.

That he was from Cariboo there was no doubt. Why, nuggets from Omineca were nothing compared to what "grew" in Cariboo.

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these runaways. Then, on our skis, we make a long detour until we find ourselves well up on the mountain above the elk. Our outfit consists of our skis, the balancing staffs and a lariat to each man. Generally there are three of us, and we all know how to throw the lariat.

"Everything being ready, we start down the mountain toward the elk, having chosen a particular animal. We steer our course directly toward him. Coming down the descent with great speed, silently and certainly, the elk become so badly frightened when they see us that they leave their runaways and lunge madly into the soft, deep snow. Watching the one we have selected, we all bear down upon him and throw our lariats. If they are correctly thrown, the elk, even if he is the biggest bull in the herd, is just as much our prisoner as though we already had him in a ten-foot en



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me whether you believe it or not," said George E. Snyder, the proprietor of the hotel on Lake MacDonald, Mont., which is known to every tourist or sportsman who has ever visited that region, "but I am going to tell you facts. You ask me what I'm going back to Montana for at this time of the year, when the snow lies deep in the mountain valleys, and I am going to tell you why. I am out to catch some wild elk and moose. I have no doubt that I shall catch the elk, but I am a trifle afraid of the moose. I am sure I shall get the elk, because I caught eleven of those fellows a year ago.

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"But I am a trifle afraid to tackle the moose. The moose is a herbivorous animal, with the courage and ugliness of a lion. The desperate fight he is capable of putting up when wounded is proverbial. Imagine, then, what his thousand pounds of muscle and bone will be able to do when he finds a lariat encircling his horns! Still, I want to catch a big bull, and I'm going to try it. It is my pet ambition."



The Land of Specimens.

"This is the land of specimens," says Van B. DeLashmott in a Spokane letter to the *Portland Oregonian*. "One sees them in the hotels, saloons, restaurants, and in the show-windows and on the cars. The lawyers, the ministers, and even the servant girls, are loaded down with them; in fact, one is never entirely free from seeing or hearing about them, except when he is asleep. Frequently, on rising in the morning, one feels as if one's bed-tick might be filled with them. They tend to excite, to educate and to deceive both their owners and the public; for, while the country is running riot with excitement, and the glamour and glisten of the precious metal are always placed first, no practical miners are exerting themselves to any considerable extent to explain the immense chasm between a rich specimen and a paying mine."

A Night Under the Snow.

As everyone knows, the snowfall in the Northwest last winter was of the phenomenal order—as much of a surprise to residents as it was to passing strangers. Among the stories told of local experiences is the following, from the Bismarck (N. D.) *Settler*, of Nicholas Spain and his daughter.

Mr. Spain and his family, according to the *Settler*, live on their farm southeast of Menoken and about fifteen miles from Bismarck. One Saturday Mr. Spain and Miss Katie drove to Bismarck on business, and sometime in the afternoon they started to drive home. All went well until they reached an abandoned farm south of Menoken, when they could no longer see the road, on account of snow or fog, and the horses refused to keep it. What should they do?—wander about on the open prairie, wallowing in snow-drifts until their horses were exhausted and themselves frozen or chilled through, or should they make an effort to protect themselves and their team where they were until another day? They wisely chose the latter alternative; and so, unharnessing their horses, they blanketed them and tied them to the sleigh. Then they excavated a room in a snow-drift that was conveniently near, and, furnishing it with such wraps as they had, took quiet and peaceable possession.

What they said, did or thought during all the long and weary hours of that night, would no doubt make quite a book; but that they lived, and, barring a slight frosting of Mr. Spain's feet, were little worse for their night under the snow, serves the full purpose of this narrative.

Expensive Alaskan Beef.

The first fresh beef ever offered for sale at Circle City, Alaska, was brought in from Forty-Mile, a distance of 250 miles, the cattle having been driven thither from the Coast.

Stimulated by the efforts of Bishop Rowe to erect a hospital at that point for the benefit of the miners, says the *Alaska News*, a number who were wintering at Circle conceived the idea of getting up a benefit of some kind for the hospital fund. The Miners' Association took hold of the affair and gave a minstrel show in Snow's opera-house which was said to have been a decidedly howling success. R. J.

McArthur was business manager, "Casey" Moran blossomed forth as the stage manager, and the particularly bright, effulgent black-face stars of the evening were Frank Gage, "Road-Agent" Hill, Harry King and "Pine Bud" Briggs. Tickets were sold at \$1.50 each, and after the performance everybody danced all night at four bits a throw. Nearly \$800 were realized by the evening's entertainment.

The hospital fund received another substantial addition during the holidays. Tom O'Brien packed the ten and one-half pounds of Thorp beef from Forty-Mile to Circle City, 250 miles distant. It was the first fresh beef that was ever in the camp, and the first that many of the old-timers had seen in years and years. It was placed on exhibition. After everybody had suffered with palpitation of the heart from too intense gazing and longing, it was taken down and raffled off for the benefit of the hospital. Tickets were drawn ranging in price from fifty cents to \$2.50 each, the amount realized from the chunk of loin being \$480, nearly \$48 a pound.

Cured by Experience.

A story was told on the dock recently, in Seattle, of three young men who were cured of the Alaskan fever in a very practical manner. They had concluded that they would go on the "Al-Ki," and had purchased three berths. A little later they were talking the matter over with an aged relative of experience.

"Now, you boys," said the aged adviser, "want to remember that it's pretty cold up there. It's pretty low temperature here today, but nothing to what you'll find on the Yukon. Now, let me advise you. Before going to that country you would better have some experience. You may not like it, and then you will want to come back. Tonight promises to be pretty cold. I have a tent at my house that I used when in Alaska. You boys take the tent out on Queen Anne hill and sleep in it tonight."

He looked at his watch.

"It is now 10 o'clock. Don't eat anything until about 8 o'clock this evening. Then build a fire in your tent, cook some beans and bacon, fix up some unsweetened black coffee, and make a meal. Until bed-time, sit around the fire smoking and chewing tobacco and playing cards, and then fix up a rough bunk on the ground and sleep until morning. If you enjoy it, go to Alaska; if not, stay at home."

The boys caught up with the idea enthusiastically, and promised to carry out the programme. Whether they did or not is not known, but yesterday morning three miserable-looking boys canceled three tickets on the "Al-Ki," and as they humbly left the steamship office one was heard to say:

"Do you really suppose it gets that cold in Alaska?"—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

An Old Miner's Castles.

The Clancy (Mont.) *Miner* speaks of an odd character just below Montana City. When that gold zone began to catch its second wind, some two years ago, he suddenly appeared on the scene and began putting up flag-poles, on each of which he floated a white banner. He seems to have about a dozen mineral locations along the bank of the creek, within pistol-shot of the Great Northern and Montana Central railway tracks. The creek runs between the railway lines and his cabins, a rushing mountain torrent about thirty or forty feet across, and perhaps three or four feet deep. The old fellow has constructed a draw-bridge across the creek that would do credit to the "Last of the Barons" in the old feudal days. When he crosses to his side of the creek he pulls up his bridge and cuts off all communication. He has two castle-like residences, built of stone and hewed

lumber, which loom up on the side of the canyon like the turreted castle of some Dutch lord, or like those which we fancy were built and inhabited by the Moors in the ancient days of Castile and Arragon. As the train slips by you get a flash of the place from the windows; you see the white flags flying and the rocky castles perched upon the cliff; you note the dark green of the pines, the red and yellow patches of oxidized color put on the picture by nature's brush; you see the open mouths of several tunnels, whose inner depths look black and gloomy; and while these have awakened your curiosity and are photographed on your brain, the train has sped past and you turn to inquire from some one in the car what it all meant. But no one seems to know. He and his surroundings are an interesting feature of the landscape, and one that attracts universal attention from the passengers between Clancy and Helena.

The Search for Crazy Jane.

In the fall of '61 about twenty prospectors were assembled in the Florence Basin. They had gathered there in response to the report that gold had been discovered a few weeks before in that region. Among these pioneers were three farmers from the Willamette Valley, who were classed as tenderfeet by the Californians. The prospectors from the Golden State were the aristocrats of the mountains in those days.

One night these farmers lost their pack-animals, one of which was a mule called Crazy Jane. This beast was noted for a proclivity to stray off into impregnable jungles. One of the tenderfoot prospectors was a weak-minded musician, and, as he was worthless as a prospector, the chief task assigned him was to look after Crazy Jane.

One day the stubborn mule strayed away while the musician was making a flute out of a hollow elder-stick. In the evening, when the partners returned, the camp was deserted by both man and pack-animals. The whole basin was a waste of dead pines that stretched bare limbs to the heavens like white, ghostly arms.

The poor musician wandered listlessly on the trail of the mule, as she meandered after the scattering tufts of mountain grass, till night settled over the gloomy mountain scene. The wind howled through the dead trees. From the distance would come the cries of the primeval woods. Perhaps a leaning trunk would creak against its supporting neighbor. From a gulch over a hill came a long-drawn groan.

The man of music stopped his whistling and hastened forward. He thought the cry was the braying of Crazy Jane. He hurried forward, tumbling over the trunks of trees. He passed over and beyond the gulch to the next sloping divide, to be called back by the same doleful sound. He had become possessed with the idea that Crazy Jane was in distress and was calling him to release her from suffering and danger.

He beat about the woods desperately till the wind ceased and the creaking of the trees died away like the death-march that passes in the night. Then he sat down, exhausted and bewildered. He fell asleep, before the dawn, and aroused at sunrise with a burning thirst in his throat. He went to the trickling stream that was heard, twenty feet away. He stooped to drink, and glittering nuggets were before his bleared eyes! He gathered up a handful of the gold and started in search of camp—and perhaps the pack-animals were forgotten, for Crazy Jane dropped out of history here.

The three tenderfeet started to locate the ground from which the nuggets came, but the musician had become so completely confused that he could not retrace his steps. The gulch was not found till after a search of a week. Out of Lost Gulch came more than five hun-

dred pounds of gold-dust; and this treasure was revealed to the wanderer in search of Crazy Jane by the groanings of an old dead tree in the night!—*Lewiston (Id.) Teller.*

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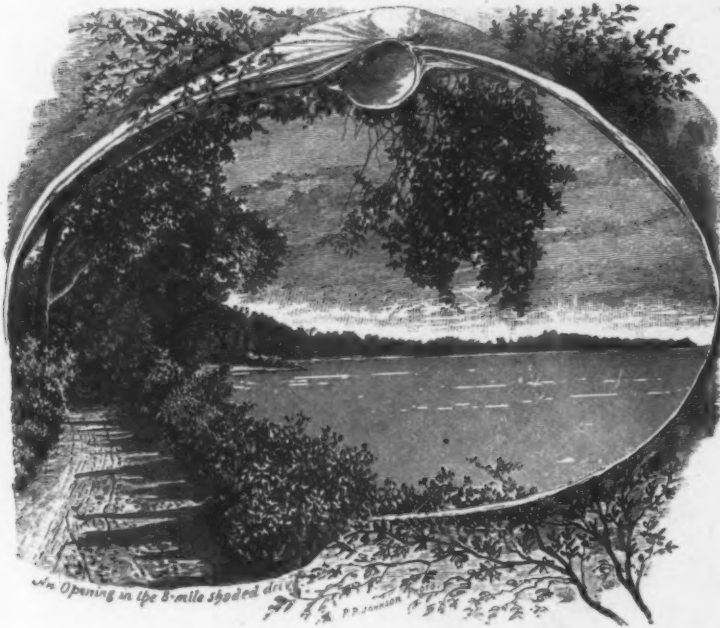
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LAKE MINNEWASKA, NEAR GLENWOOD, MINN.
"Famous for the many charming spots on its shores."

SNAP SHOTS AT MINNESOTA TOWNS.

We live in an age of action and progress. What men say goes for little in the balance against what they do. In the past, the man of action was a soldier who sought reputation at the cannon's mouth; in the present—in the Northwest, at least—he is a man who belongs to himself, to his wife and children, or to some cause or movement which has for its object the care and protection of his family and friends, and which will contribute to the material and intellectual advancement of society at large. Never were the peaceful pursuits of man prosecuted with greater energy than by the people of Minnesota, and in few localities on this continent does there appear more to encourage men of honest ambition, industry and economy than here in this progressive Northwest. A great wealth of natural resources, practically inexhaustible in character, and an active, energetic and enterprising people, have given Minnesota a position in the constellation of States of which her citizens may well be proud.

Nowhere has nature been more lavish of her favors than in the Northwestern part of the State, and the progressive men whose early days were days of toil and hardship are being amply repaid by the prosperity that is shown on every hand. Scarcely a quarter-century has elapsed since this immediate region was one unbroken expanse of forest and prairie. Save along the water-courses and around the lake shores, no foliage relieved the monotony of the scene to the eyes of the early settlers. Brawn, perseverance and intelligence have served, almost in a few years, to work a magic transformation. Many beautiful groves now lend beauty and gladness to the landscape, and the wild prairie-lands have been transformed into productive farms which respond yearly to the labors of the husbandman in generous yields of golden grains. Attractive and commodious dwellings, suggestive of comfort and convenience; substantial barns, granaries and other buildings; horses and cattle well fed and comfortably housed; complete equipments in the way of labor-saving machinery, so necessary to the economical management of large farm areas, are the characteristic features throughout Central-Northwest Minnesota.

Experience has shown that the climate, soil and water supply are conducive to the attainment of most satisfactory results in the cultivation of cereals and the propagation of live stock interests. An actual crop failure has yet to be recorded in this section of the country. The thoroughly cultivated lands, thrifty stock and numerous and valuable improvements to be observed on every hand in the farming districts, is no uncertain criterion as to the condition of our agriculturists; and the same general air of enterprise and prosperity is noted in the thriving villages to be found along the lines of the two great transcontinental railroads—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, the "Soo Line" also contributing to the development of certain sections. In a leisurely trip one finds much to admire and many scenes that will always remain a pleasant memory; for it is here that beautiful lakes and forests abound—lovely prospects which one never tires of viewing.

In these brief sketches of Minnesota summer scenes—snap shots of only a few of the many beautiful nooks one sees, it is hoped that those who are looking for pleasure, health, and rest from the heat and dust of the city, may find something worthy of their interest, and that in the descriptions given they may see some attractive place where they may go and find pleasure and health at moderate cost.

BEAUTIFUL BUFFALO.

Not fifty miles from St. Paul, on the "Soo," lies the beautiful village of Buffalo, nestling close to the broad lake of the same name; with Lake Pulaski only one and a half miles away. With wooded banks, fine fishing and good accommodations, the lakes at Buffalo should see many pleasure seekers on their placid waters during the coming summer.

FAIR ANNANDALE.

Only a few miles farther west lies Annandale. From this pleasant little town of five hundred inhabitants one can reach, by short drives, seventeen lakes, all well stocked with fish and varying in size from Clearwater Lake, large enough to have a small steamer, to the smaller ones that have as yet been known only to the ardent followers of Isaac Walton. The Indian

Mounds found in this vicinity are full of historic value. At Minneapolis Point, on Clearwater Lake, one and a half miles from Annandale, is the mound called Wauga-bo-me (Winding View), towering nearly three hundred feet—a place where many curiosities have been found.

PROGRESSIVE PAYNESVILLE.

New Paynesville is and always has been entirely free from any boom or the appearance thereof, but it has always maintained a healthy growth. This village does not expect to become one of the "largest cities of the State," but, being located about eighty miles from the "Twin Cities," in the heart of a rich and prosperous farming community and upon a beautiful lake, with two good railroad systems, it does claim to offer to the business man and home-seeker as many advantages as any other town of its size in Northern Minnesota.

From the elevated ground at Koronis Bluff can be seen good broad highways, with teams laden with the products of field, garden and dairy, and many a browsing herd. New Paynesville is an ideal village. It has a newspaper, two banks, four grist-mills, foundry and machine-shops, a creamery, a large wholesale lumber-yard that supplies twenty-eight retail yards, and a large number of business houses necessary to supply the wants of the people. Four spires gleaming in the sun tell of "Peace and good will," and the echo of "Liberty Bell" can be heard from the tower of a large high school building. This part of the country was a sufferer from the Indian outbreak in sixty-two, and relics of that time are found frequently.

And the Lake! Lake Koronis is the uncrowned, yet crowned, gem of Minnesota. Around its shores, bays and nooks cling fragrant memories of happy hours. Recollections of days and months of unalloyed happiness thrill many a business man as he thinks of the days that he spent, with his wife and little ones, on this most picturesque lake. Others will find their cup of happiness full if they seek recreation from toil here; and with the inner man well cared for by that prince of good fellows, E. D. Russell, at the Russell House, their longings for peace, plenty and happiness will be filled to the uttermost.



A MORNING'S CATCH AT LAKE KORONIS.



LAKE KORONIS, NEAR PAYNESVILLE, MINN.

"Around its shores, bays and nooks cling fragrant memories of happy hours."

Standing on Lookout Point, one can see a scene of wondrous beauty. A lake, whose water is intensely blue, reflecting the brilliant blue of Minnesota skies; a forest, whose verdure is deep and invites to its cool depths; a series of bold promontories called Cedar Point, covered with a luxuriant growth of cedars (a tree not common in this part of the country); Eagle Point, a nesting-place for eagles; Indian Mound, with its traditions of Indian maidens and braves; then many a quiet reach of the beach—all these making a scene to while dull care away.

Lovers of the rod and reel will find in Lake Koronis that which will add zest to their summer moments and send the blood thrilling through their sluggish veins; for, deep in the cool waters are all kinds of fish—bass, both rock and black; the wall-eyed pike, and the pickerel.

BELGRADE.

Belgrade is one of the smallest towns on the "Soo" line. It has good farming land tributary to it, and is making solid improvements in building and new business. The prairie-chicken hunting in the fall is exceptionally good at this point.

LOVELY GLENWOOD AND LAKE MINNEWASKA.

To convey by a few snap shots a true idea of Glenwood and Lake Minnewaska is no easy task, for they must be seen to be appreciated. The village lies at the northeast end of the lake in a broad, beautiful glen around which lofty bluffs, two hundred and fifty feet high, describe a crescent with an arc of five or six miles, either end resting on the lake. For natural beauty it can hardly be surpassed. It is one of the best sheltered towns in the State, the surrounding bluffs and beautiful groves of magnificent oaks giving, at the same time, an indescribable air of peace and comfort.

Glenwood is the county seat of Pope County. It has two railroads,—the Northern Pacific and the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie,—and the surrounding country is rich in good soil, lakes and streams. The surface of the county is gently undulating, and on the rich, black mould is where the pride of Minnesota is raised—the "No. 1 hard" wheat. Three million

bushels of wheat was produced in this county last year. At the World's Fair, Pope County carried off two prizes on corn, one on wheat and four on flax. While it is true that wheat-raising has been the chief industry of this section



GLENWOOD HOTEL, GLENWOOD.



ON MINNEWASKA'S SHORES.



HOTEL MINTON, GLENWOOD, MINN.

of country, all this is fast changing and diversified farming is becoming the general rule. The raising of sheep, cattle and hogs, and the manufacture of butter and cheese (there are already five separator creameries in the county) are industries that are receiving a good deal of attention.

Glenwood is a pretty little town, with a population of one thousand good people who enjoy electric lights, fine scenery, and water-works that are supplied from natural springs. Glenwood's spring-water is known far and wide. The water from these numerous springs finds its way into Lake Minnewaska, one of the fairest gems of this lake-bejeweled region. Its irregular shores, fringed with overhanging foliage, invite the weary; clear and cooling water invites the bather; speckled beauties flashing in the sunshine invite the sportsman; and dainty bits of landscape, sleeping in sunlight, offer their beauties for the artist to immortalize. A smooth carriage-drive runs the entire distance round the lake, close to the water's edge, a portion of it being famous as the "eight-mile drive." It is a shaded driveway, now leading over gurgling brooks that flow from constant springs, and then passing through deeply-timbered gorges or reveling in glimpses of Minnewaska.

Lake Minnewaska is famous for the many charming camping spots on its shores. At almost any point you can find abundance of pure spring-water, a smooth, pebbly beach and plenty of trees—three prime requisites of a camp site.

Glenwood has two first-class hotels in town. Matt Ward, the genial proprietor of the Glenwood House, is well-known throughout the Northwest as a whole-souled landlord, one who makes the comfort and pleasure of his guests his sole business. He offers special rates to those who wish to spend a few weeks in that delightful vicinity during the heated term. The Minton, near the lake, is built of brick and has all modern conveniences. The new proprietor, G. C. Gage, has had the house thoroughly renovated, and, with his caretaking wife, is always looking after the best interests of the guests. Intending visitors should write him for rates.



A FARM NEAR ELBOW LAKE, MINN.

LIVELY KENSINGTON.

Twenty-five miles farther west than Glenwood and one hundred and fifty from St. Paul is the small but thriving town of Kensington. It is on the Soo Line, has an immense country tributary to it, and has an assured future, as there is no town of any size nearer than twenty miles. It has a large output of cattle, thirty car-loads of stock having been shipped from there in the last few months. It needs a good hotel. A live man could build there and do well. Hunting is very good there in the fall, and farmhouses near lakes offer excellent entertainment.

ENERGETIC ELBOW LAKE.

One hundred and seventy miles from St. Paul, at the junction of the "Soo" and Great Northern, is Elbow Lake, surrounded on three sides by water and half-encircled by woods. Elbow Lake is the county seat of Grant County. It has a population of 900, is the largest town in the county, and one of the three important towns on the Soo Line in Minnesota. Its location is a desirable one, and the people making their homes there are of the kind that have the best interests of the town at heart. Seldom can one find a town where peace and harmony abide as in this pleasant village. With not a vacant store or house in town, with new buildings going up rapidly and with farmers putting in larger crops than ever before, it seems as though Elbow Lake is almost an ideal place in which to locate. Two banks, one of the best newspapers in the State, a good hotel, flouring-mill, general stores, a splendid church society and harmonious inhabitants, what more could one ask of a town that is only ten years old?

The lands near the town are very productive, and there is every inducement offered intending settlers to make their homes there. Fertile soil, splendid schools, good markets and an industrious population are features that Grant County can proudly boast. Hunting and fishing come in for their share, and within pleasant driving distance of the town are some of the best passes for ducks and geese that there are in the State. Ten Mile Lake, Pomme de Terre Lake, and many unnamed lakes and

sloughs, are filled with fish and are more than locally famous for their fall hunting.

MARY ALICE HARRIMAN.

BOATING ON NORTHWESTERN WATERS.

The growing attractiveness of the Northwest is due largely to the fact that each year sees more and more made of its lovely lake and river water-courses. Upon scores of lakes and streams are craft of every imaginable description—from the primitive canoe of the red man to the yawls, cutters, rowboats, launches and swift-sailing yachts which thrill with delight all who chance to be aboard. Good fishing, hunting and boating are attractions which



A RACINE HUNTING-BOAT.

pleasure-loving tourists cannot resist. The accompanying illustrations will stir many a pulse and cause many a heart to beat more quickly in anticipation of coming vacation days.

The craft shown were built by the famous Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, of Racine, Wis., whose reputation as boat-builders extends beyond the ocean. These yards can turn out any kind of boat, from a twenty-one-pound racing-shell to a modern steel torpedo boat and the staunchest steel-constructed ocean yachts. The large plant is all under cover and equipped with modern facilities. Each great department is complete. In the steel-construction shops are traveling cranes, powerful rolls, punches, shears, drills, furnaces, etc., capable of handling any work in steel, iron, bronze or aluminum. The blacksmith shop, wood-construction shop, boiler-shop, engine-shop, finishing room, stock-room and marine railway will rank in point of size and equipment with any in the country.

Nearly eighteen years of experience have enabled the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company to occupy its present commanding position among American boat-builders. Year by year it has added to its facilities until today it stands prepared to build any kind of craft desired, be it a sea-going steel cruiser or the lightest, swiftest yacht that sails the pretty lakes of the Great Northwest. Schooners, sail and steam yachts,

launches, rowboats, canoes, shells, barges, dingheys, aluminum boats, cat-boats, sloops, cutters, hunting-boats, gigs, all kinds of sails, etc., are constructed by this company on unrivaled models. Boats from this yard are in use everywhere. Some of the greatest prize yachts in the country were built in Racine. Racing craft are specialties. The most expert boat-builders are employed, and only first-class work is allowed to leave the company's shops.

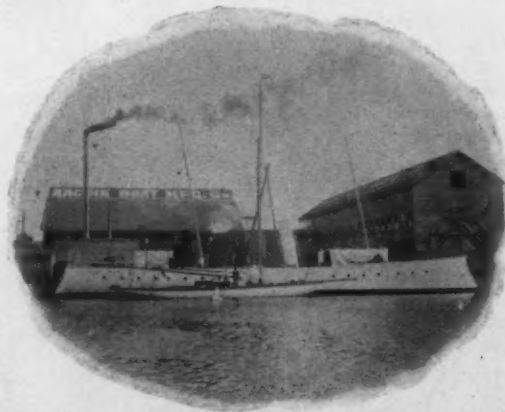
THE MALICIOUS OR IGNORANT SCRIBBLER.

"Here's a nice batch of stuff some conscienceless fakir has sent in to a Chicago paper," remarked J. B. Folsom, the well-known real-estate man of Fargo, not long ago. There was considerable warmth in the gentleman's tone, as well as in his kindly face, as he pointed to an article in the *Chronicle*, two or three columns in length. It was practically harmless, so far as North Dakota was concerned, appearing in a publication that has little influence with intelligent people, but it was evidently intended to be hurtful, though one or two towns came in for favorable mention. "Now, that article was undoubtedly prepared by some fellow who has been out this way with a 'fake' of some kind or other," continued Mr. Folsom. "You see, he daubs cheap printers'-ink all over our municipal escutcheon. That is evidence that he failed to make connections with a profitable business while within our gates. Probably it was one of those advertising schemes that germinate and multiply like microbes in a rotten cocoanut, in the larger cities. Or, perchance, he may have had a patent right to sell territory for, and nobody here wanted to get rich. It is even possible that he might have desired to organize a lodge of the 'Patriotic Order of Cuban Sympathizers,' with himself as treasurer. Of course, we can't tell, but he was probably in the procession that headed this way with the glad new year. And even had his name been signed to the effort, there would not likely have been any enlightenment as to his identity." Then Mr. Folsom laid the paper aside and turned wearily to his map of towns, ranges and sections.



"VENCEDOR," THE VICTORIOUS INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE YACHT.

Designed and built by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co.



THE STEEL STEAM YACHT "PATHFINDER."

Designed and built by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co.



A Rare Fagot.

Upon seeing a tree thirteen feet in circumference, near Gary, S. D., an Englishman exclaimed: "Ah, but it's a rare fagot!"

Too Few Entrance Fees.

A Western church had the following motto over the door: "This is the Gate of Heaven." Underneath it was traced the notice: "Closed by Order of the American Loan Company."

With a Proviso.

The Philadelphia Record says it is time to plant bloomers. We trust the custom will be generally observed—always provided, of course, that the obnoxious things are warranted not to spread and multiply.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

The Color of the Vapor.

Mrs. Besant says that the adept theosophist can tell the nature of a person's thoughts by the color of the vapor that hangs about him, visible only to the expert eye. The color of devotional thought, she says, is blue, which is a somewhat unexpected explanation of the azure that surrounds a man when his collar-button rolls under the chiffonier.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Prevention Better than Cure.

The agricultural department at Washington advises farmers not to let their chickens eat slugs, earthworms, snails and house-flies, to prevent them from having tapeworms. Perhaps the learned professors in the agricultural department know a great deal, but the best way to prevent tapeworms in full-grown chickens is to kill the birds when they are broiler size.—*Missoula (Mont.) Missoulian.*

She Hit Back.

A man of mean character inserted the following in a Western paper: "Notice—My wife, Delia Stacy, having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract after this date." In the next issue of the same paper the wife had her revenge in this way: "Notice—My husband, John Stacy, having neither bed nor board to provide for me, I am now taking in washing at No. — B— Street."—*Wheelock's Weekly, Fergus Falls, Minn.*

Joking a Joker.

Among the traveling men that visit Great Falls periodically is one who is very fond of a joke, says the Great Falls (Mont.) Leader. His brother knights are well aware of this fact, and also know that he has a tender regard for the fair sex. A few days ago the traveling man of these peculiar notions arrived in Helena. At the hotel a number of old-time acquaintances were greeted. At the table the joker furnished much merriment. There was a show at the opera-house, that evening, and the joker was invited to attend.

"By the way," said one of his brothers, "why not let him take Miss Winston? She spoke of going tonight." Miss Winston was a traveling lady representing some Eastern mercantile house.

As he had never met the lady a committee of three took him upstairs to the parlor, where he was formally introduced. The party went to

the theater, but the joker seemed to pay more attention to Miss Winston than to the play. He was gallant, and after the show assisted his companion into a hack and ordered that they be driven to a fashionable restaurant. There, for an hour, they whiled away the time amid sweetly-spoken words. The kitchen-man says he heard smacks; but, in any event, they returned to the hotel.

All the joker's companions were in waiting when they arrived. The twain stood for a moment in the hallway, when all at once Miss Winston opened the door leading into the office and called out, "Well, boys, let's have a drink!" and proceeded to lead the way to the bar.

The joker stood aghast, and then tried to laugh as all urged him to follow to the bar. When "Miss Winston" raised her dress and, from a pocket in a pair of black pants, paid for the drink, the joker grew faint, but when she laid a blonde wig on the bar, divested herself of a silk dress borrowed from one of the dining-room girls and stood before the party dressed in a neat black suit, the joker recognized an old fellow-traveling man whom he had not seen for a year, and swooned. When he recovered, two bartenders were kept busy until early morning.

In the meantime he is ashamed to go from town to town, for the gang always manage to go ahead of him.

Names of Indian Society Belles.

According to the Yakima (Wash.) Herald, the following Indian "society belles" attend the Crow Agency boarding-school in Montana: Clara Spotted-horse, Edith Long-ear, Kitten Medicine-tail, Lena Old-bear, Clara Bull-nose, Blanche Little-star, Nellie Shell-on-the-Neck, Mary Old-jack-rabbit, Bertha Full-mouth, Katie Dreamer, Fannie Plenty-butterflies, Bessie Crooked Arm, Martha Long-neck, Isabel Lunch, Lillian Bull-at-the-time, Floy Hairy-wolf, Alice Shoots-as-she-goes, Stella Wolf-house, Lucy Hawkes, Beatrice Beads-on-ankle, Susie Bear-lays-down, Louisa Three-wolves, Anna Medicine-pipe, Maggie Broken-ankle, Ruth Bear-in-the-middle, Helen Comes-out-of-fog, Sarah Three-irons, Ida Wrinkle-face, Jessie Flat-head-woman, Lottie Grandmother's-knife, Esther Knows-her-gun, Minnie Nods-at-bear, Daisy Young-helper.

Limburger as a Dyspepsia Cure.

Shakespeare tells us that "there is some soul of good in things evil, would men observingly distill it out;" and the aphorism receives a fresh illustration from a town in California. It appears that a gentleman of the name of Brown, of that place, is something of a gourmand, and had been wont to partake of dishes the eating of which, in spite of all the ozone which is to be found in that glorious climate, are productive of indigestion and dyspepsia.

One day a friend of Teutonic extraction informed Brown that Limburger cheese, if taken inwardly, was an infallible remedy for dyspepsia, and offered him a small-sized sample with which to make the trial.

Mr. Brown took the cheese and reached home safely, followed by fiery glances and muttered execrations from his fellow passengers on the street-car.

With rare consideration for the feelings of his wife and children he went into the barn and ate a few mouthfuls of the cheese, placing what was left on one of the rafters. Then he entered the house, and, pleading headache, refused supper and went to bed.

Next morning he repaired to the barn, ate what was left of the cheese, started for his office without kissing his wife, and spent the day without feeling a single twinge of his former ailment. In his delight he told some

of his dyspeptic friends, and they at once decided to form a "Limburger Club."

A hall was secured for their meetings, where they gather nightly. New members of the club are not allowed to eat more than three ounces at each meeting. Two months after their initiation they can take the second degree and eat six ounces. At the expiration of a month each member is allowed a whole cheese, and is granted the much-coveted privilege of taking home whatever is left over of his share, in order that he may have it under his pillow, ready in case dyspeptic symptoms should suddenly develop themselves during the night. But, so far, no one has had the temerity to do this, though one of the members proposes to prepare the way for this experiment by domesticating a polecat in his house. In the enlightened judgment of the members of the club, the Keeley cure for alcoholism is simply "not in it" in comparison with the Limburger cure for dyspepsia.—*Minneapolis Times.*

Why He Took Roast Lamb.

There used to be a hotel in Scotland, S. D., famous both for its table and its eccentric proprietor, one "General" Campbell. About twelve years ago Judge Palmer, now a member of the South Dakota Legislature, by the way,—who had lately arrived from New England, having been appointed United States judge in the then Territory, stopped at the famous tavern for dinner. When it came to dessert, the Minneapolis *What to Eat* says, the general, who always looked after the table himself, approached the judge and said, very crisp and short.

"Pie or pudden?"

"What kind of pie is it?" inquired the judge, blandly.

"What the devil is that to you?" thundered Campbell: "Pie or Pudden?"

"Pudden," exclaimed Palmer, hurriedly, adopting the pronunciation of the general for fear of giving further offense; and after that he never asked any more questions when dining at that hotel.

Everybody who knew the general bore with him because of the really excellent table he provided. One day he had roast beef, roast lamb and roast turkey on the bill of fare. The regular boarders and transients kept dropping in, and by a prearranged plan each in turn ordered turkey until the general got nervous, fearing the bird would not hold out—and he always prided himself on having enough of everything. At last a Hebrew drummer appeared, rubbing his hands in anticipation of a good dinner and smiling in a most conciliatory way at the darkening face of the landlord. Campbell approached the traveling man slowly and with threatening glance. He was plainly revolving in his mind a plan to prevent an order for turkey without admitting that he was out of that dish. Looking the drummer squarely in the eye, he said, with emphasis: "Roast beef! Roast lamb!" and then, very quick, "turkey."

The drummer seemed to be thinking over the question, while the rest of the boarders held their breath. They half-believed that Campbell would break a platter over the innocent man's head, if he made a mistake. Finally he replied, slowly:

"I guess I dake some of dot turkey, Mr. Campbell!"

"Of course you will, you coin-scraping son-of-a-gun!" screamed Campbell. "Well, I guess you won't! You'll take roast lamb, Malachi; that's what you'll take, or you'll leave this house, and pretty — quick, too!"

There was a great roar from the others at the table as the drummer, with an apologetic smile, said lamb would do just as well.



A Good Device.

A novel device for the sick-room, and one that will be appreciated by every nurse, are the little glass covers for medicine tumblers. These have a clock face painted on them, with a steel indicator that may be set at the hour when the medicine is to be taken.

About Napkins.

Fine damask napkins never exhibit extravagance, for one can easily turn them into some other useful article when they become worn. Those of good quality last for years; and then, if the edges become frayed, they can be made into doilies for fruit. The hems can be cut off and they can be fringed to the depth of an inch or two.

To Clean Mackintoshes.

Dirty mackintoshes can easily be cleaned in this way: Spread the garment out flat on the table, and scrub it with warm water in which you have put a few drops of Scrubb's cloudy ammonia and yellow soap, until it looks clean. Sponge it with fresh water and hang it in the air to dry. Never put a mackintosh near the fire.

Useful Tables.

Small round tables, that look like those intended for smokers' use, serve a valuable purpose for a ladies' dressing-room. They have attached to their polished tops all the paraphernalia needed to crimp the hair, including safety match-box, alcohol lamp with tongs, standard hair-pin tray, and bandoline jar. The tables are oak or mahogany finish, and the attachments in various metals, brass, nickel or silver.

A Useful and Pretty Suggestion.

The kitchen apron cannot be passed by. They should not only be made for service, but also for beauty. One which combines both qualities is very simple. Just have a ruffle on the bottom of the apron, and see how much it adds to the appearance; and then let the wearer take into consideration how well that ruffle serves her! When she steps into the kitchen to prepare a dainty tidbit for supper and spills some milk and bouillon, instead of drizzling down over the hem and upon the front of her pretty house-gown—for who ever finds an apron that quite covers the front of a dress?—the ruffle proves its right to exist for utility's sake by catching the offending drops and holding them in the narrow frill that heads it. Greasy crumbs are caught in the same way.

The Lovable Woman.

Very lovely and lovable is the woman who has cultivated a disposition angelic enough to see the good and not the evil side of human nature; who can be severe with her own failings and excuse the faults of others. We are told that she is a dull and uninteresting creature, and if we take the trouble to look into the matter we find that she does not laugh at her neighbor's pet weaknesses. She does not enjoy hitting out right and left at the world at large, and is always ready with a plea for unseen and unsuspected reasons, which, if they could be revealed, would go a long way toward modifying harsh judgment. Our lovable woman may not be witty; she may be even a little prosy; but it is

she to whom we go when in trouble and in whom we confide with a feeling that our secret will not be torn to shreds as soon as our back is turned.

To Save the Table-Cloth.

Nothing contributes so much to the soiling of the dinner-cloth as the glass of water, which, during a meal, is continually being picked up and set down again in a new place. Some thrifty housewives have adopted the custom of setting the glasses on tiny plates, such as are so generally used for bread and butter nowadays. It has been found that a table-cloth keeps clean much longer by the use of these plates, and the idea is especially popular among boarding-house keepers.

Do Not Wet a Lead Pencil.

The practice of wetting a lead pencil on the tongue before using it is an unclean habit, to say the least, and perhaps also a dangerous one, says the *Medical Review*. Recently a woman of fine bearing and elegantly dressed stepped into the counting-room of one of the local papers of a large city to insert an advertisement. Having no pencil of her own, she picked up a pencil which was tied with a string to a pad used for writing. At once she moistened the lead with her tongue, and began to write.

An elderly woman, who was standing by, reminded her that the pencil had just been used by an old man, ragged and dirty, greasy and filthy, who also had contracted the same habit of wetting the pencil on his tongue every time he wrote a word. The disgusted woman flung the pencil away and scolded the young man behind the counter until he sharpened a brand-new pencil for her use and benefit.

The habit is a foolish one. Instead of making the pencil write more freely and easily, it hardens it and makes it write blurred and irregularly. Newspaper men, and others who use lead pencils a great deal, never dampen the lead in the mouth or with a sponge. Besides being injurious to the lead, it is a dangerous habit, inasmuch as disease has been known to be conveyed in that way into the system.

Wash Your Eye-Glasses.

"Spectacles and eye-glasses are as much benefited by a bath now and then as people are," remarked a well-known optician. "It is strange how many people there are who think that their glasses only need an occasional wiping. Now, the fact is, glasses require actual baths as frequently as does the ordinary person. The process is as simple as you want to make it. My plan, however, is to take the glasses to the wash-bowl and give them a good soaking in warm water. Then apply soap freely, and rub it off by the use of a soft tooth-or-nail-brush. After that give them a polish with any of the usual tooth-powders, and then clean them with tissue paper, which is much better for the purpose than chamois skin or anything else that I know of.

"The ordinary cleansing is all right so far as it goes, but it is not sufficient. Many a person has done great injury to his eyes by neglecting to properly clean his glasses. I have had a number of patients come to me with complaints about what they called gradual diminution of their sight. An examination revealed the fact that it was wonderful that they could see at all, for their glasses were gummed over and had been fearfully neglected. A little soap and water, to which a few drops of ammonia was added, did the business. Some time ago a friend of mine, a surgeon, who makes a specialty of the ear, told me that there were more ear troubles in consequence of dirt in the ear than from all other causes combined."

The Truly Educated Girl.

A truly educated girl, if she has taken advantage of her privileges at school or college, comes back to her home and friends broadened in heart as well as in mind. An educational process which sharpens and polishes only a girl's intellect, and either deadens or neglects her heart and soul, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is a sorry imitation of what an education really stands for and is. No girl is educated who simply knows more, in an intellectual way, than do her companions. If her term at college has only done that for her, it has done her as much harm as good. Learning college lessons alone will not take us through life with any success. There are lessons of life which have a far greater significance and take a deeper hold upon us. The college should prepare a girl for these; she should not allow it to spoil her for them. A stay of one, two or three years at college does not teach a girl all that she must learn or can know. Her greatest lessons are to be learned after she leaves college, and the people with whom she then associates will be her best teachers of those lessons. From them she will learn just in proportion as she invites or repels.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

No man likes babies nowadays. You have to learn to, like you eat olives.

The reason why there is no trouble in heaven between the women angels, is because they all belong to the choir.

If women looked like fashion-plates, the men would all commit suicide.

As soon as a man is pretty sure there won't be any more snow to shovel, he has to begin to cut the grass.

Women seem to think that husbands never have any need to reform their wives.

When a man hears another man insinuate that he smokes cheap cigars, he gets just as resentful as a woman does when another woman hints that her complexion isn't genuine.

When you see a girl on a street-car with a music-roll with closed ends, it generally contains an old newspaper or her lunch.

With most men, marriage is the means and woman is the end; but with most women, the man is the means and the marriage is the end.

A woman does the most flirting before she gets married, and a man does the most afterward.

The woman who carries a volume of Emerson in the street-car is generally the one who reads herself to sleep with one of Ouida's novels.

A woman always judges a man by his voice, but a man judges him by his necktie.

When the devil sneaked into the Garden of Eden he had the plans for a flat-house in his pocket.

It seems strange to think that a cow doesn't know any more about politics than a woman.

Breathe Properly.

Do you know what an "active chest" is? Probably not, answers a writer in the *New York Tribune*; but your chest ought to be active—that is, lifted up—two-thirds of the time you are awake. Stand up and take a long breath, as long as you can; now you lift your chest; keep your chest up while you go on breathing by movement of the abdomen and the muscles at the side of your waist. A very slight movement is all that is necessary for normal breathing; but now you have let your chest fall! You are so tired you can't hold it up! That shows a very bad, unnatural state of things; the normal human being, whenever he is not relaxed, walks with his chest up; and when he talks with vigor or interest, it is with his chest up; and you can't hold yours up three

minutes without fatigue—you can't do it, at all, for five! Do you know that the preservation or achievement of a round, slender waist will be your reward if you will strengthen your muscles and learn to keep your chest up? It will, certainly, except as you become hopelessly fat, and even then good breathing will do much to preserve some good outlines in your figure. Proper breathing and the habit of keeping the chest up will keep all the internal organs in their proper place and keep them from spreading the waist in any way that is unsightly, and shows, not Greek health, but deficient vitality. The first thing is to get so you can hold the chest up. Walk across the floor three times, holding up your chest (just as you do when you try to fasten a tight skirtband), at the same time breathing deeply from the abdomen. After the three times, you are exhausted; rest, and try it again; tomorrow you can perhaps do it four times; don't tire yourself, but keep at it till you have strengthened the muscles that hold your chest up as you would strengthen the muscles of your arms, with use. Always practice out-of-doors, or with your windows up; there are many good breathing exercises, and but few can very well be conveyed in print, but the main thing is very simple: breathe with your chest up, and keep on doing so till you do it naturally, all the time that you are not relaxed in rest.

The April Flood in St. Paul.

The spring of 1897 will long be remembered by those whose homes are now built along the shores of the Mississippi River. While the Lower Mississippi region is always subject to inundation during the month of April, it is seldom that the Upper Mississippi approaches the danger point. But the conditions were right for a general overflow this spring, and the old Father of Waters has been on the rampage from its source to its mouth. Here in St. Paul the situation was at no time dangerous, but great inconvenience resulted to those whose humble habitations are on the West Side bottom-lands—the population of which may be classed as good, bad, and indifferent. Worthy laboring men live alongside shiftless fishmongers and the picturesque but unwashed dago.

Our illustration shows that portion of the flats which lies between the Robert Street bridge and the bend of the river at the foot of

Dayton's Bluff. The main channel and the river bed are marked by the drifting logs in the foreground. The overflowed district is seen in the background and covers hundreds of acres of ground which seldom suffers from a surplus of moisture. Some of the people on these flats, more courageous than discreet, stuck to their homes all through the flood, going to and from them in boats. But it was a difficult matter to get any of the flat dwellers to move. They stood by their little homes until the police forced them out—until their only means of escape was by rowboats and rudely-constructed rafts. They were well cared for by the authorities, however, and, now that the waters have receded, they are back in their flood-stricken buildings and again hard at work making the family garden.

The Art of Companionship.

If you wish to be a good companion to your husband, study to make each "Good-morning" that you say to him an incentive to a better life. Learn to make each "Good-night" a benediction of love for the day's work, the day's loving, and the day's sympathy. Look for his good qualities. He is like you in having faults; with very little trouble you can find these faults, and by talking about them and reminding him of them you can make your married life unendurable. You can bring about heartburnings, you can cause strife, and before you know it hatred may take the place of love. Look for his virtues, and, seeking always for goodness, you will grow better every day just as certainly as you would grow bad if you looked only for that which was wicked. Remember there is much that will have to be forgiven in you, and whenever you feel inclined to remind Tom of a weakness, read the book in which is set down your foibles and your follies. A woman who, even after her marriage, carefully studies her profession, can make her husband what she wishes him to be. Everything that is good is contagious, and the right kind of a wife makes the right kind of a husband.

Respect the rights of your husband; he is a man, not a child; and how can the world honor him when you, who are his closest companion, do not? Do not, even in jest, deride or under-rate him. People are slow about deciding when one is jesting or when one is in earnest. And what you meant to be funny may cause

some stupid person to say, "How horrid Tom must be! Why, his wife says dreadful things about him!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

We All Know Her.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that the woman who is a flopper, and a housekeeper to boot, has but a slack hold of the domestic reins. She never knows where anything is nor how anything ought to be done. She never sees the cobwebs nor marks the first rents which a stitch would repair before they went into unmendable holes. She keeps no hours and puts nothing away. Where she stands or sits, there she lays down what she has in her hand, and where she lays it down, it stays. Her house is untidy, let her status or her servants be what they may. For if the elemental fabric be in order the external fringes are all scattered and uncombed, and no sooner have the servants placed the things which belong to their care as the Fairy Order would have them, than the mistress, who is a flopper, unravels the neatly-arranged skein, scatters abroad the tidy packets of well-sorted feathers, muddles up into a disordered heap the carefully-separated beads, and plays the mischief generally with the line and rule and measure usually associated with tidiness. It is the same kind of thing through the whole day's work of her housekeeping. Flopping over her orders, she will have in pounds where ounces would suffice; or, contrariwise, she forgets the most necessary stores and leaves herself and her household bare of tea and coffee, of sugar and salt, of pepper and mustard, of oil and soap. If she live in the country, where the shopping is to be thought of beforehand, because the shops are afar off and the carrier comes but once, or at the most twice, a week, she causes great inconvenience to her household, and almost as much to her neighbors, from whom she has to borrow stores to fill up her own gaps. Meanwhile, her overplus is rotting in her cupboards or turning bad in her larder; so that, between plethora here and penury there, she makes everything as uncomfortable as it is possible to be. Even her pretty, fair, smiling, placid face and placid temper can scarce get her the pardon she asks from the lips outward, neither meaning nor able to reform in her ways or to convert her habit of flopping and sprawling into one of steady standing and close attention to household properties.



A PORTION OF WEST ST. PAUL DURING THE RECENT RISE IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, MAY, 1897.

RAILWAYS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A great mining development in the interior of British Columbia has given rise to a number of new projects that have obtained the favor of the Provincial government and are likely to come into a general scheme for cash subsidies at the rate of \$4,000 per mile. The projects already adopted by that government are as follows:

First, a railway from Penticton to Boundary Creek, 100 miles long. Penticton is at the southern end of Okanogan Lake, and from the northern end of that lake there is rail communication with the Canadian Pacific. Boundary Creek is a new mining district just north of the American boundary and about fifty miles due west from Rossland, in the now famous Trail Creek District, on the Columbia. This line would eventually be extended to Rossland and would open up a long belt of gold, silver and copper deposits.

Second, a railway from the Coast south of the Fraser River to Chilliwack, sixty miles long. The purpose of this line is to furnish transportation to a considerable agricultural district, and eventually to progress eastward to a connection with the Boundary Creek road.

Third, a railway from Butte Inlet to Quesnelle, 230 miles long. The purpose of this line is to give a rail outlet to tide-water from the Cariboo mining district on the upper waters of the Fraser River. This district was worked out for placer gold away back in the fifties. It then lay dormant for a whole generation, but has recently come into notice by reason of its valuable quartz properties. The projected line will traverse a mountainous country and will be a difficult and costly one to build. The plan is to build only from the Coast to the mouth of the Quesnelle River, using the navigation on the Fraser for the remainder of the 600 miles to the Cariboo gold-fields.

This new activity in railway projects speaks well for the increasing prosperity of British Columbia. The mining development already made in that Province on Trail Creek and on Kootenai and Slocan lakes works greatly to the advantage of Spokane, and has, in fact, taken

that handsome young city out of the dumps of depression and made it again a bright and active commercial center. We look for great results from further development, not only in British Columbia, but in all that part of Washington lying contiguous to the British line between the Columbia and the Okanogan rivers.

UP RAINIER.

During the last ten days of next July the solitudes of Mount Rainier will be invaded by a band of explorers under the lead of the Portland mountaineering club, called the "Mazamas." This club has planned an expedition to the summit of the mountain for the purpose of doing a variety of scientific work. The special new feature of this work will be the flying of kites from the summit, by which the meteorological conditions of the upper air will be registered by a barometer and thermometer, and a photograph of the earth's surface be taken by a camera attached to the wire string of the kite. This kite-flying feature of the expedition will be under the charge of W. G. Steel, who has gone East to procure the kites and instruments to be used. The system is that invented by Wogram, the New York expert, who has sent kites to a higher point from the ground than any other man. He sends up his kites in tandem, about 1,000 feet apart, each successive one attached to the wire of the first kite by a special wire fifty feet long. The Mazamas expect to reach an altitude of one mile with their highest kite, and they calculate it will take two miles of wire for that purpose. A number of the members of the club, under the direction of W. D. Lyman of Whitman University, Walla Walla, will make a study of the glaciers to determine the rate of their movement down the mountainsides. We expect to publish a full report of this interesting expedition in the pages of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.

NEW MOUTHS FOR WHEAT BREAD.

A very interesting statement was recently put into print in the form of a letter from James J. Hill to a Western senator on the remarkable increase in the export trade in flour to China and Japan. In this letter Mr. Hill stated that, of the last year's crop of wheat of the Pacific Coast States, about 28,000,000 bushels or its equivalent in flour has gone across the Pacific to make bread for Asiatic consumers. This is about twenty per cent of the whole crop of that region, and the effect of this new commercial movement has been to raise the price of wheat in Washington, Oregon and California very materially. Of the gain of twenty to twenty-five cents per bushel in present prices over the lowest range in recent years, Mr. Hill attributes fifteen to eighteen cents to the withdrawal of the Pacific wheat from European markets. Mr. Hill makes a rather serious error, however, in allowing the inference to be drawn from his letter that the entire new movement of flour to Asiatic countries is to be attributed to the establishment of a line of Japanese steamers sailing from Seattle in connection with the Great Northern Railroad. The real facts concerning this matter are that these Japanese boats have thus far taken out only three cargoes and that a large part of those cargoes consisted of flour coming over the Northern Pacific Railway to Seattle. Without the help of the Northern Pacific, the steamers would not have been able to get cargoes.

The new Japanese line is maintained in part by a subsidy from the Japanese Government. It has materially reduced the ocean freight rate, but a reduction of perhaps ten cents a barrel on three cargoes of flour by no means accounts for the great Asiatic demand. That

demand has been growing up steadily for a number of years past. The first regular flour shipments to Japan were made nearly ten years ago by Mr. Wilcox of Portland, a partner in the Ladd Bank. The Japan-China War greatly increased the demand. There are now five lines of transpacific steamers sailing between our Pacific Coast ports and those of China and Japan. The first in date of establishment was the old San Francisco line; the second was the Canadian Pacific line; the third was the Northern Pacific line from Tacoma; the fourth was a line from Portland, sailing at long and irregular intervals; the fifth and last is the new Japanese line, which works in connection with Mr. Hill's railroad. The flour trade to the Orient was fully established and in a growing condition long before the existence of the Japanese line sailing from Seattle.

Mr. Hill does not exaggerate, however, the great importance of this comparatively new commercial movement. We believe that it is destined in time to absorb the whole wheat surplus of the Pacific Coast States and to maintain a price for wheat in those States equal, at least, to that which prevails in Chicago and Duluth. The benefits to the agricultural communities and to the towns and cities of the Pacific Coast will be very great. An addition of ten to twenty cents per bushel in the selling price of wheat in that region means a large measure of prosperity to the whole community. Mr. Hill has no doubt done his share towards bringing about this result, but other transporters were in the field long before he was, and were working hard to the same end.

HINDRANCES TO GOOD TIMES.

We have already called attention in the columns of this magazine to what we believe to be one of the obstacles to a general restoration of prosperous business conditions in this country, namely, that there are a great many people who will not recognize reasonably good times when such times come in their own special lines of business, but will continue to go about talking in a dismal way about the hard times. Such people are always looking backward to a wholly abnormal and transient condition of affairs, when they could go outside their legitimate vocations and make money in quick speculations in real estate, or in promoting stock companies, or projecting railroads, or bonusing factories, or in some other line of feverish activity doomed to certain collapse. They may be making a fair profit now and doing a fair volume of business, but they are as melancholy as ever. Their mental tone infects others and helps to produce a partial paralysis of enterprise.

There is another, and perhaps a more important, hindrance to the complete recovery of normal and thoroughly healthful business conditions, which deserves careful consideration. Multitudes of people think that good times necessarily involve high prices and high wages. They are so short-sighted as to imagine that the present low range of prices and the tendency of wages to readjust themselves to the greater purchasing power of money, implies that something is wrong in our currency or our laws. They are constantly looking to Congress to do something, or expecting great economic changes to come from the results of elections; as if Congress or political parties have the power to alter tendencies that arise from universal causes! The merchant is dissatisfied, because he cannot get the old prices for his goods, regardless of the fact that he buys at greatly reduced prices and is at less expense for carrying, selling and distributing his wares. The farmer is a kicker because wheat will not fetch a dollar a bushel, not recollecting what it

used to cost him to produce his crop and to support his family in the old dollar-a-bushel times. The wage-earner is constantly complaining of the tyranny of capital, because he receives fifteen or twenty per cent less for his labor than he did in the flush-times, although he is paying from thirty to fifty per cent less for everything he buys. Thus there is created a general atmosphere of discontent which dampens courage and hampers enterprise.

This atmosphere would speedily be dissipated if everybody would recognize the plain fact that we are in an epoch of lower prices, which is likely to endure, because it arises from the influence of improved machinery and improved processes, in almost all lines of human effort, which cheapen the cost of production. Now, it is an axiom in the world of trade, that you cannot long keep the price of any article much higher than the cost of producing it with a fair profit added. If the average cost of raising wheat is forty cents a bushel, it is impossible to sell wheat for a dollar, except in a time of bad crops all over the world. If a good pair of shoes can be made for two dollars, the price cannot be kept up to four or five dollars. Every new invention that lowers the cost of producing any article, cheapens the price of that article as soon as it comes into general use.

All observers of social conditions agree that the whole world is now feeling the cumulative effect of labor-saving inventions in the cheapening of the cost of nearly all the products of labor. It is difficult to find any line of business into which inventions have not come, during the past few years, which do by machinery all and much more than used to be done by hand. The general experience of the world, for nearly a century, has been that labor-saving machinery has increased rather than diminished the number of laborers employed, and has steadily advanced the actual gains of the workers in purchasing power. There is no reason for discouragement in the situation. In the long run, everything will work out for the advancement of labor and for the general benefit of the community; but there is a process of readjustment going on that brings temporary distress to many people. No doubt many unskillful workmen in certain lines of industry have been displaced by improvements in machinery and find it hard to get employment. They ought to go back to mother nature and get upon the land, but they have neither skill nor capital to engage in cultivating the soil. All working-people who have regular employment are now enjoying good times; for, whatever may have been the reductions in their rates of wages since the boom period, they can pay more rent and buy more groceries, clothing and fuel with what they get now at a week's end, than they could with what they got then. It is the unemployed who suffer from the process of settling back to normal values and natural conditions of business, and they should have the sympathy, the help and the practical thought of the more competent and more prosperous to aid them in their efforts to secure a place in the great machinery of productive industry.

The debtor classes are very naturally discontented with the existing condition of affairs, and their grumbling and melancholy adds to the murkiness of the business atmosphere. Most of them owe money on property bought at artificial valuations, or for foolish schemes which they went into when we were all on the high wave of speculation and expectation, and which now hang in ruins around their necks like broken millstones. To relieve many of this class, a national bankruptcy law is needed urgently. They should be given a chance to settle with their creditors as best they can

and begin anew, free from the terrible burdens of debts which they cannot hope to pay.

The final word, is that every man who is making a good living for his family and paying his bills when they fall due ought to think that times are now good for him and ought to go about and say so to his neighbors. This would help to clear the air. And every wage-earner who is enjoying steady employment and receiving fair wages should show a cheerful face, rebuke the croakers and join in the chorus of the old song, "Hard times come again no more."

THE GREAT DUNKARD MOVEMENT.

On the first day of April nearly three thousand Dunkards passed through St. Paul on their way to new homes in North Dakota. About half this army of settlers were bound for the counties of Eddy, Wells and Foster on the Jamestown Northern line of the Northern Pacific, and about half were destined for the Devil's Lake and Turtle Mountain districts on the Great Northern's main line and branches. This is the second great wave of Dunkard migration to North Dakota and is, if anything, larger and more significant than that which attracted so much attention last year, and which then received ample notice in the pages of this magazine. We say it is more significant, because it means that the first settlers of a year ago are satisfied with the country they selected for their abode and have written to their kindred and friends in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and other States, letters concerning the climate, the soil and the general advantages for success in farm pursuits, that have brought about this new movement. If these pioneer settlers had been discontented with their new environment and opportunities, there would have been no second exodus from the East to the North Dakota prairies. In the broadest sense, this second advance of a great body of thrifty colonists is an endorsement of that portion of the State which lies between the Missouri and the Mouse rivers on the west and the Red River on the east, as a region highly inviting to agriculturists and stockmen. The Dunkards are an eminently conservative and practical people. They are excellent farmers and understand all the conditions that make for success in a life upon the soil. They will not be content merely to scratch the surface of the ground for a wheat-crop and sit idle most of the year, risking everything upon that single crop, which is in all parts of the world a somewhat uncertain one. They know how to take care of cattle, to raise sheep and hogs, to keep poultry, to make butter and to cultivate vegetables. Work is almost a part of their religion. They live in a plain and wholesome manner, have a dread of debt, and practice many household economies that have long been forgotten by most of our American farm families. Their success in their new homes is not at all problematic. The failures encountered by many settlers on our Northwestern prairies can in nearly every case be traced to a blind adherence to the one-crop system and an unwillingness to lay out the amount of labor and thought required for diversified farming.

North Dakota people welcome most heartily this large body of worthy settlers. They know that all that is required to bring about a general condition of well-being in their State is to fill up the vacant lands with a thrifty, industrious and orderly class of people, who will create new wealth, swell the tax-rolls and lessen the burdens of carrying on the schools and the various functions of civil government. More farms and more people mean not only the reduction of taxes, but a general improvement all round in the conditions of rural and village life.

A better class of settlers than the Dunkards could nowhere be found. They are a conscientious, religious people, who keep the peace and pay their debts and who are good neighbors and good citizens. Their little peculiarities of dress and worship are not sufficiently marked to make them a clannish people. They like to settle in colonies of friends and kinsfolk, for social advantage and the support of their churches, but they mingle in a cordial way with adherents of other Christian denominations. They descend from German Baptists, the word Dunkard coming from *dunken*, to dip or baptize; but nearly all of them speak English, and their ancestors have been for generations on American soil, so that there is nothing foreign about them in opinions or customs. In fact, they are as thoroughly American as the great Pennsylvania-Dutch population, which forms the dominant element in many of the wealthiest counties of the Keystone State. Those that adhere to shad-bellied coats and broad-brimmed hats, do so—not because such articles of apparel are a uniform for their sect, but because they do not believe in following the changing fashions. Their costume is just what their ancestors wore when the sect was young, and just what people generally wore at that time. A majority of the Dunkards, however, now wear the ordinary garments of the ready-made clothing stores.

Great credit may well be accorded by the people of North Dakota, for the Dunkard emigration of 1896 and 1897, to the efforts of the two principal railroad companies operating in that State, and in particular to two agents of those companies—Charles W. Mott, general immigration agent of the Northern Pacific, and Max Bass, immigration agent of the Great Northern. Both these gentlemen have shown remarkable energy and capacity in organizing bodies of colonists, centering them at given points and conducting their armies of men, women and children with celerity and comfort into the regions where there is still an abundance of new and good land for original occupancy. They have been sharp rivals; yet the efforts of each have aided in the success of the other, because, jointly, they have convinced pretty much the whole vast body of Dunkards, scattered over the country from Pennsylvania to Kansas, that North Dakota is a region of good and cheap lands, healthful climate and favorable social conditions. And they are not through with their labors. They look for a still larger movement next year than that which brought into St. Paul seven great trainloads of people on April 1.

THE RICH FURS OF ALASKA.—Judging by the quantity and variety of Alaskan furs that were on exhibition recently in Seattle, Alaska is by no means a tame country. There were fifty big bear robes, over a ton of deer-skins, a large amount of hair seal, scores of mink-skins, sea-otters, beavers, martens, wolf-skins and land otters, besides a few other species of northern animals. The furs and skins are the trophies of Indian hunters and trappers, and include some very fine specimens. Barring the extreme cold, Alaska is certainly a paradise for sportsmen.

MITCHELL'S BLIND STRIKE.—Dr. A. H. Mitchell, of Deer Lodge, Mont., reports a remarkable find which he made recently in the Bear Mountains. Dr. Mitchell was looking for an easy spot to do his assessment work. There seemed to be but one bare spot, and this was selected. In sinking a hole five feet deep he ran into a two-foot ledge of ore that runs \$150 per ton in gold. It will not take much of this ore to make the doctor independent for life.



DURING the past fifteen years the ground in the Dakotas and Minnesota has never been so thoroughly soaked as it is this spring. A big crop of spring wheat will follow surely. In all probability there will be not one only, but three or four good crops as the result of the heavy snowfall of the past winter. That was the case after the last great snowy winter in the Northwest. In Illinois and other winter-wheat regions the crop is reported as sure to be very light. This fact makes a good price almost certain. Think of what a big crop and present good prices will do to our hard-spring-wheat belt! Farmers will get out of debt, towns will prosper, and railroads will make fair earnings. Everybody will arise and shout.

A LEADING business man from Walla Walla, who visited St. Paul lately, said of the condition of affairs in the State of Washington: "Every legitimate industry is doing well. There is no speculation, but all industrious people are doing well." A Tacoma man, who came to St. Paul last month, said: "There are more men on regular pay-rolls in our city than ever before. People still talk of hard times, but more work is going on in shops, factories, mills, coal-bunkers and railway yards, and on wharves and aboard ships, than ever before. There is no money to be made by standing on street-corners, but the workingmen are getting good wages and have plenty to do."

THE new settlement movement in North Dakota is not limited to the great emigration of Dunkards. Last year a large number of farmers came in by wagon from Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri. According to Alfred Dickey, of Jamestown, more land was sold to individual purchasers in the State in 1896 than in any other year since the first settlement. The Government land offices at Bismarck and Devil's Lake City did a larger business in homestead filings that year than in any preceding year. The extensive areas of fertile Government land open to claims is the first inducement which brings in the new people. Then there are still attractive railroad lands, which are offered at very low prices and on long-time payments.

I WAS chatting with Anton Klaus, one of the fathers of Jamestown, North Dakota, recently, about the unusually large amount of water in the streams and lakes this spring, and he told me of the building of a little forty-ton steamboat in that town in 1880, intended to ply regularly on the Jim River. It was called the Nettie Baldwin and was built by the Baldwin who afterwards represented the Duluth district in Congress. The boat was launched with a big celebration. Klaus, as mayor, was to break a bottle of wine across her bows and christen her, but no wine could be found in the place and he was obliged to fill an old beer-bottle with water. The little craft got down the river as far as Aberdeen, but was never able to get back. In dry summers the Jim is little more than a series of water-holes. This spring it again became a raging torrent, and a steamboat could have run all the way from Jamestown to Yankton. The Jim, by the way, is

said to be the longest unnavigable river in the world. It rises near Devil's Lake and flows through the two Dakotas into the Missouri near Yankton.

ALL the talk that has been going on of late in the newspapers and the Legislature, together with the appropriation for the distribution of sugar-beet seed, ought to work out at least one sugar factory for Minnesota during the next year or two. A project for such a factory on the line of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad looks promising. It costs about half a million dollars to build and equip a factory and get it at work. The agricultural benefits to be derived from the establishment of sugar-beet works are considerable, but are necessarily confined to the district immediately surrounding the works from which beets can be shipped in to be made into sugar. All the beets necessary to supply a large factory should be produced within a radius of about five miles. There is no question of the fitness of the soil and climate of Minnesota to raise beets containing a large proportion of saccharine matter. Some parts of the State are better than others, however, and the experiments of the present year ought to throw a good deal of new light upon the subject.

SEVERAL years ago, in my articles from Montana, I called attention to the good lands lying along the Rocky Fork, within view from the railroad running up to Red Lodge, and repeatedly spoke of them as especially attractive to settlers, because of the ease with which water could be brought upon them from small ditches and the markets close at hand for all sorts of farm products. I learned in Billings, lately, that there are now prosperous ranchers all along the stream between the Yellowstone Valley and Red Lodge, where the country was bare and unoccupied when I last saw it. This fact leads me to again emphasize the statement, so often made in this magazine, that Montana can find pleasant homes for many thousands of competent farmers on valley lands where irrigation costs but a trifle and where it brings as a return crops double in size those of non-irrigated regions. Of course, it takes work to irrigate a field, but there is no kind of work that brings surer returns.

ON the northern border of Washington, immediately south of the Trail Creek mining district in British Columbia, lies an extensive mountain region which contains ores of gold, silver and copper and which has lately been released from its old shut-up condition as an Indian Reservation. It is now open to mining claims and is attracting a great deal of attention from prospectors. There is, of course, no reason for thinking that the great Trail Creek and Boundary Creek deposits run square up to the international boundary and there stop. No doubt there will be just as good mines found on the American side of the line as those on the British side—which have made fortunes for their lucky owners. The newly-opened district is reached easily from points on the Spokane and Northern Railroad, and it will be pretty thoroughly looked over before next winter. A number of very promising discoveries have already been made there.

THERE is altogether too much law-making in these United States. Forty-five legislative bodies assemble, some every year, some every other year, and all go to work making new laws with industry and zeal. People have come to look upon legislative sessions as necessary evils, and they take a long breath of relief when they are over and the law-makers have dispersed for

their homes. The world is governed too much. There is a great deal of needless tinkering with statutes to suit local and personal aims. Besides, there is too much legislation which proceeds on the assumption that mankind can be reformed and improved by joint resolution. Evolution, not legislation, is what brings the race forward. After a Legislature adjourns, the people are much more eager to learn what harm it has done than what good it has accomplished. They fear much and hope for little. The Legislature which passes the fewest bills ought to be highly honored. A defective old law is often better than a faultless new one, for the reason that the people understand the old law and have learned how to work under it, whereas it often takes years of trouble to get a new act into working order. May the future give us wiser and more conservative statesmen, and fewer and better laws.

AMONG the curiosities of recent legislation in the West is a foreclosure law, passed at the late session of the Washington Legislature, which provides that before any land can be put up at foreclosure sale it shall be appraised by three appraisers appointed by a district judge and shall not be sold unless it brings at least eighty per cent of the appraised value. The practical effect of this law will be to put a stop to further loans upon mortgage, and it is safe to predict that the next Legislature will make haste to repeal it in obedience to a universal demand. It is a blind and stupid piece of law-making. The appraisers appointed by the judges will in most cases be the neighbors and friends of the debtors, who will place a high valuation upon the mortgaged property, so that any sale will be defeated unless the holder of the mortgage is willing to pay the difference between the face of the mortgage and the appraisal amount. To understand how this will work, let us take the case of a farm that has a mortgage on it for \$1,000. When the mortgage matures and is not paid, the mortgage-holder begins foreclosure proceedings. Appraisers are appointed by the court. They place the value of the property at \$2,000. It must, therefore, bring \$1,600 at the sale or it will not be sold. If nobody bids that amount, the mortgage-holder must pay the debtor \$600 in money and take the property, which may be worth no more than the face of the mortgage.

MILES CITY, MONT., the chief town of the Lower Yellowstone Valley, has a great day once a year, when the annual meeting of the Montana Stock Association takes place. The event for 1897 came off on the 20th of April, and to it came stockmen from all parts of the State to consider the reports of their officers and to discuss the interests of the range. The town made holiday and the visitors were welcomed heartily by the citizens. Hotels ran over with guests, and on the side-tracks at the station stood eight private cars which had brought to the meeting railroad men from many roads and stock-buyers from St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago. It was impossible to determine with any degree of accuracy what the winter losses of cattle were, as only the approaching roundup will show how serious was the destructive work of the heavy snows late in the season. Estimates varied greatly at the meeting, running all the way from ten per cent up. There was no discouragement shown, however, the high prices now ruling for cattle tending to lessen the disappointment at the losses. Experience shows that once in about ten years there is a winter that causes heavy losses. It is just ten years since the last severe winter in Montana—the winter of 1886-87. The Montana association is now in excellent shape. So care-

ful is the inspection of brands on cattle sent to Eastern markets, that it is commonly said that a stockman might go off to Europe for years and leave his herd without any attention and still receive promptly, every year, a check for the animals rounded-up by mistake and shipped with those of other owners. Thus there are absolutely no losses to owners from errors in round-up and shipping work.

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SHEEPMEN are happy in all the range country. At Billings I was told that wool will bring this year at least double last year's price. Ten cents a pound has been offered by buyers this season in advance of the shearing; last year most of the Yellowstone clip went for five cents. At one time there was a big lot of wool in warehouses at Billings on which nobody would advance money enough to pay the freight to Boston. With the advance in wool, sheep have gone up to twice the prices of 1896. Wethers, which would not bring over a dollar and a half each then, now sell for three dollars. With the good prices for cattle, wool and sheep, all Eastern Montana has grown cheerful and looks forward to an excellent year in all lines of business. The towns have brightened up already; merchants are laying in larger stocks than they have carried in recent years, and ranchers all believe that they are now going to get out of the deep rut of the long depression.

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IN 1882 and 1883, when I first traveled in the then Territory of Dakota, the great plains were dotted with little lakes and ponds and the James River was so large that a steamboat ran from Columbia up to La Moure. A long series of years of light snowfall followed. The ponds dried up and many of the lakes were converted into meadows. People said the climate had changed. I never took any stock in that theory, because it is unscientific. All the meteorologists agree that there has been no noticeable and permanent change in any part of the earth's surface since weather observations were first recorded. Only wait long enough, and any apparently exceptional condition will return. After long waiting the Dakota lakes and ponds are once more full of water, and in the coulees are little streams again. The big snows have done this excellent work. Only the old traders and trappers who were in the country before the farmers and the railroads arrived, remember springs when the country showed so much water as it did during the month just past. Now for big crops and better times! The Dakotas are not going to become a desert. Like all plains countries, they are liable to seasons of drought and seasons of excessive moisture; that is all.

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IN a bright, ambitious North Dakota town of 3,000 people I was told last month that the total tax rate, State, county and city, is four and a quarter mills on the dollar. This is nearly double the rate at which St. Paul people kick so hard. Something ought to be done promptly to reduce it. The burdens of civil government are much too heavy in all our young Western communities. This comes about through the eagerness of these communities to provide themselves with all the governmental facilities of old and rich regions where wealth has been accumulating and population increasing for a century or more. The young State proceeds to equip itself with all the benevolent and educational institutions of older States, and with the whole machinery of office-holders required to carry on the public affairs of a large population. The taxes that result are not much minded when values are being put into wild lands and town lots by rapid settlement, but there is sure to come a time when people must

get down to the actual resources of the country, and then the loads they have undertaken to carry become very heavy. There should be, in all our new States, a re-adjustment of governmental functions to present conditions—fewer officials, lower salaries and lighter tax levies.

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THE *Madisonian*, published at Virginia City, Montana, makes an important announcement concerning the early construction of a new Northern Pacific branch in the southern part of that State. It says that articles of incorporation of the Gaylord & Ruby Valley Railroad Company have been filed with the county clerk of Madison County. The capital stock of the company is placed at \$500,000, divided into 5,000 shares of \$100 each, 4,500 of which are held by the Northern Pacific. E. W. Winter, president of the Northern Pacific; J. W. Kendrick, general superintendent; E. H. McHenry, chief engineer, and William Wallace of Helena, hold one share each. The life of the company will be twenty years, and its announced purpose is to build a railroad and telegraph line from a point at or near Gaylord, which is named the northern terminus, to a point somewhere near the southern line of the State. The route described is "from a point near Gaylord, southerly up the Jefferson Valley to Twin Bridges, and from there in a southerly direction to a point near the south line of the State." This proposed road would enable Virginia City people to get out to the world by rail at last, and would stimulate mining and ranching all through Madison County. Virginia City is one of the oldest of the Montana towns, and has been left at one side by all the railroads thus far constructed.

LITERATURE.

Greece is playing so important a role upon the stage of current events, that the past history of this little nation is apt to be overlooked in view of its exceedingly interesting present and future. But the professor of the history of art in Yale University, James M. Hoppin, has not forgotten the old in the light of the new, and has given us, in "Greek Art on Greek Soil" (Houghton, Mifflin and Co.), a most excellent work on that art as he found it on native soil. To prepare the material for this volume, Professor Hoppin made two trips to the land of the Iliad and prepared much of the work on the scene of excavation. He also looked into the life of the modern Greeks, but in rather an unconscious form, to anyone reading the book. It is well and clearly written, and one should get from it a very good idea of Greek art. In his appendix, which he calls the "Origin and Idea of Art," Professor Hoppin reminds us that "it needed mind to build St. Peter's dome and to compose the music of Sebastian Bach, as truly as to compose the Principia or the *Machinique Celeste*; and we are not confined to architects, musicians, painters and sculptors, but may reckon in as artists the poets who body forth ideas of beauty reflecting spiritual types." He points out many other interesting things, and in "Additional Notes" tells how the Turks came to adopt the star and crescent as their banner-device, after the fall of Constantinople. The whole subject of Greek art is covered thoroughly. The book is well illustrated from photographs. The first two chapters on "The Land of Greece" will be found interesting, even to a person who is not an art student.

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The education one gets in passing through the public schools, leaves one in a condition to do journalistic work up to a certain standard.

Beyond that standard, which is necessarily a low one, writing becomes an art, and, to quote: "Into all productive art enter two sorts of power, that which is communicable and that which is incommunicable; in other words, that which may be taught and that which is inborn." And what is not "inborn" can never be taught. Now, one who imagines that a person born with genius has only to go ahead and conquer without severe struggles to make his genius more perfect, makes a great mistake. When a man with a good deal of genius and talent for a certain art sits down to hard study, he is trying to master a perfect technique of that art. This technique is the communicable part of art—not the inborn; but it is by no means the less important of the two. Mr. Arlo Bates, in his "Talks on Writing English" (Houghton, Mifflin and Co.), points this out very clearly. And anyone wishing to study the technical side of writing English can do no better than read his book. He starts out with the art of writing and goes on and treats the methods of study, principles of structure, diction, means and effects, classification, exposition, description, narration, translation, criticism and style. He quotes from many of the best authors, and from some of the worst, to serve as examples, and his meaning will always be found clear and pointed. The talks were originally given before the Lowell Free Classes, and, in the words of Mr. Bates, he has "conscientiously endeavored to make the lectures as practical as possible." To anyone endeavoring to form a good, pure style of English composition, "Talks on Writing English" will be found a valuable and indispensable aid.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps tells us, in the opening lines of "Chapters From a Life" (Houghton, Mifflin and Co.), that it has always been against her principles to write anything after an autobiographical style. That she has gone against those principles in writing this book, is cause for congratulation. Its chief value, almost its only value, is that it gives true pictures of a life that was lived among our greatest literary lights—men and women like Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Holmes, and Celia Thaxter; and these could not have been conveyed so vividly as they have been in anything but an autobiography. There is no book in American literature that shows the life of the New England people, especially the literary people, better than this work of Mrs. Ward's. She lived in the little university town of Andover, Mass., and her father was the professor of rhetoric in Andover Seminary. It forces itself upon you, as you get deeper into the chapters of this very interesting book, how different is the life of a young girl who lives in a quiet country village from that of one who lives in the midst of a busy city of hurrying people and rushing vehicles, where poverty and vice are always before one's eyes, and where the daily papers tell every morning of the crimes and tragedies and sorrows of the preceding day. If this girl had lived in New York or Baltimore, or even in Boston, "The Gates Ajar" might never have been given to the world. Life is apt to be a little too serious in a small town, secluded from all sound, and with the sweet meadows and green trees all around. There are certain elements that make it very dear to some people and almost unbearable for others. The author tells how, one morning in April, 1861, the news came that the war was begun: "A girl, very young and very pretty, catches the paper and whirled it overhead. With a laugh which tinkles through my ears to this day, she dances through the room and cries, 'War's begun! War's begun!'" "Chapters From a Life" is a book that has a charm for all, and it is a work that will live.

ROBERTSON HOWARD, JR.



AN IDEAL BUTTER COW.

The record of this Holstein-Friesian cow is 1,153 pounds and 15 3-4 ounces of butter in twelve consecutive months.

DAIRYING IN MINNESOTA.

Third Paper.

THE MILK SUPPLY OF THE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS.

It is within the past ten or fifteen years that the dairy business of this State has grown from a few inferior herds and a few small creameries to thousands of large and well-bred herds and nearly 600 creameries and cheese factories. In those old years cows were but little thought of and their total value added but slightly to the State's wealth; today there are nearly 600,000 cows in Minnesota, the actual value of which does not fall under \$12,000,000. These cows are found on farms and in the towns, villages and cities. They are rated as first-class sources of wealth, and no class of animals receives more considerate care.

Of course, the major portion of the milk product from these cows is manufactured into butter and cheese, but a by no means small portion goes to supply the daily demand for milk in the large towns and cities. Take Minneapolis, for instance. Who can tell, without making many inquiries and piling up a big column of figures, how many cows and how many gallons of milk are needed to keep the people of that city supplied with milk and cream the year round? The closest guess would be wide of the mark. But THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE has figured it out, and the estimates here given are as nearly correct as they can be made.

According to the State dairy department there are 310 dairies in the Minneapolis district. Attached to these dairies are 7,250 cows. Add to these the two thousand or more which are owned by private parties, and the total number will be nearly 10,000. The daily milk supply, including outside shipments from points twenty to fifty miles distant, is about 25,000 gallons or 100,000 quarts. Of this, outside shippers furnish 3,000 gallons of milk and an equal quantity of cream. A little multiplication, then, reveals the fact that Minneapolis consumes at least 9,100,000 gallons of milk and cream per annum—a dead weight of 77,350,000 pounds.

Of the dairies tributary to the Flour City, it can be said that the great majority occupy exceptionally fine and healthful locations and are noted for their cleanliness. No part of the State is better adapted to the dairy business. Lakes, streams and flowing springs are plentiful, growths of shade-trees abound everywhere, grasses are luxuriant and nutritious, and the

market is one of the best in the country. Almost without exception, the dairies are so situated that they have natural drainage and all the advantages of cool, living water and umbrageous shade. Almost without exception, too, the dairies of this section have large areas of good pasture lands and well-built barns, stables and milk-houses. Modern methods are employed. The last State dairy report says there are few dirty dairies in the Minneapolis district. The annual improvement in the condition of the premises and care of the cows is very noticeable. Thorough inspections have shown that excellent sanitary conditions exist and that tuberculosis and other diseases are rarely met with. The dairymen realize that cleanly conditions are best and most profitable for them as well as for their customers, and there is no disposition among first-class dairymen, such as those whose names appear elsewhere in this issue, to evade the law's requirements in any respect. They have large investments in the business, are men of known character and enterprise, and it is due largely to their individual progressiveness that so great improvement has been made in local dairy conditions generally.

The time has gone by when lazy men could go into dairying. It is now one of the most exacting vocations. The growth of cities has necessitated new sanitary regulations, and State and municipal laws subject dairies to rigid inspections at the pleasure of duly authorized officials. Cows, cans, milk-houses, stables, feed, water and ventilation are open to inspection at any time, and it does not require very great negligence on the part of the proprietor to cause a revocation of his license. To be successful he must have a natural liking for the business and such energy, judgment and ambition as will enable him to conduct it profitably. He must be humane, he must love cleanliness, and he must be prompt and honest in all his dealings with those who depend upon him for daily supplies of milk and cream. It is a life of toil at best, and in the winter months it is an exceedingly disagreeable one. He is the pioneer road-breaker. Long before others are astir, the milkman lifts his cans into the wagon and starts, midst blinding snow and deep drifts, to make his unfailing round to waiting homes in the city. He earns every cent that comes to him.

Every good dairy planted in the outskirts of

a large city is a blessing. It adds to the supply of healthful foods, promotes a great industry and enriches the country in various ways. To encourage the dairy interests of the State properly, wise legislation is needed; not legislation that hampers development and restricts enterprise, but legislation that shall encourage better selection and still better care of dairy cows, and that degree of intelligence on the part of dairymen which shall weed out incompetents and give to the industry that high standing and character which its growing importance calls for. State and municipal inspection of dairies cannot be objected to, but impertinent police surveillance is degrading and can only beget a spirit of resentment. What the industry needs is constant elevation of character and proper recognition of honest merit.

PROMINENT DAIRIES IN THE MINNEAPOLIS DISTRICT.

RIEDEL & NELSON.—The dairy belonging to Riedel & Nelson occupies a beautiful location at Fridley Park on the east bank of the Father of Waters. It is one of the very largest dairies in the State. A look about the premises will discover a large, well-arranged and well-ventilated stable that is in an extra clean condition—whitewashed and free from all contaminating odors, and 200 cows that are in the best of condition and noted for their milking qualities. Another look will assure the visitor that the milk-house is one to be copied by other dairymen. It is several rods from the stable, and within it is a valuable flowing spring. Cans and everything else of the kind are scalded and kept in an excellent state of cleanliness. Riedel & Nelson use corn-meal, shorts, bran and hay for feed, and the output of the dairy is not less than 300 gallons daily. There is a big water-tank in the barn, into which well-water is conveyed, through hose and by windmill power, for use of the cattle. When it is known that 1,100 acres of land are included in this dairy, it will at once be seen that Riedel & Nelson have pretty large interests to manage. Their business has grown from one of small proportions to its present magnitude, simply because they have attended to all its details personally and brought to bear upon it sound executive ability. Every need of the dairy is studied, and every part of the operations is under their own supervision. That they have a large and profitable wholesale and retail trade is a fact well known. It extends to all sections of the city, and includes many of the most fastidious patrons that can be sold to. A rapid increase of their already large business is one of those results sure to follow any enterprise that is conducted on practical lines and by men who understand every detail of the business they are engaged in. Patrons of a dairy like to deal with men whose success is due strictly to merit. Mail should be sent to Box 25, Fridley Park.

MARTIN EBERHARD.—Five years ago Mr. Eberhard landed on American soil without a cent; today he is the owner of a dairy in which he has \$4,000 invested. It is near Merriam Park, one of St. Paul's beautiful suburbs, and surrounded by a grove of oaks. Established early last winter, the dairy is modeled after the latest plans. Drainage and ventilation are first-class, and the condition of the barn, which is 30x50 feet in size, is extra clean. The cows, thirty-two in number, are bedded with straw, receive a daily currying, and the inspectors pronounce them extra clean, also. They yield a daily supply of fifty-five gallons of choice milk, which is used by 125 families. Corn-meal, bran and shorts, with hay and corn-fodder, constitute their feed, and the water is pumped from a well by a windmill and carried



RIEDEL & NELSON'S LARGE DAIRY AT FRIDLEY PARK.



H. S. MILLER'S "MCNAIR FARM" DAIRY, AT MINNEAPOLIS.

by pipes to the house and barn. There are also a number of flowing springs in the pasture, so that an abundance of pure water is provided for the cattle the year round. Flowing water runs through the detached milk-house, which has connections with the windmill and could not have better arrangements for the cooling of milk and the cleansing of cans. Two hundred and forty acres of land are used for hay, pasture and crop purposes, and three men and four horses are employed. Mr. Eberhard's best help, however, is his wife, who superintends the washing and scalding of the cans, pails and strainers. Both are tireless workers, and to each belongs a full measure of praise for the fine business that has been established in four short years. It is a business that calls for love of cattle and knowledge of what to feed them and how to care for them. Neatness and cleanliness are imperative. Honesty is needed, too, and the utmost regularity the year round. Dairymen can win the confidence of their customers only by treating them fairly in all respects. Mr. Eberhard is prompt and honest in all things. He and his wife have managed wisely, and their prosperity is sure to continue. The mail address is 1681 Sherburne Ave., St. Paul.

H. S. MILLER.—The large and well-known dairy of H. S. Miller occupies a commanding site on what is known as the McNair Farm, which overlooks Minneapolis. His eighty-six fine cows yield 150 gallons of milk per day and

supply 250 patrons. Five men, eighteen horses and two wagons are employed. The farm comprises 375 acres—part in hay, part in pasturage, part under cultivation. So large a herd of cattle necessitates an enormous amount of feed, and much of this is raised on the premises. Bran and corn-meal, mixed in the proportion of five parts bran to three parts corn-meal, make a fine diet. For rough feed Mr. Miller uses finely-cut corn-fodder, thereby avoiding waste and giving the cattle the full benefit of all there is in the fodder. All this fodder, by the way, is cut and ground on the place by Mr. Miller's own mill and horse-power, thus enabling him to effect a great saving in his feed bill. The cows are watered in the barn by means of pipes which run from and are fed by a large windmill. Of course, the milk-house is apart from the stable and maintained in a high state of cleanliness, and the cans and other utensils are washed in a separate room and kept clean and sweet. The proprietor has been in the dairy business eighteen years and knows what a first-class dairy requires. His 40x100-foot barn is whitewashed within, his cattle are looked after carefully, and the entire business, in which \$8,000 are invested, is operated on a practical and successful basis. This result would, of course, be expected by anyone who reads this article; for it is easily seen that Mr. Miller's dairy possesses very superior equipments. His means and long experience enable him to adopt methods and improvements which

many smaller dairymen are compelled to do without. Not every man, however, would surround himself with all these facilities just because he could if he so desired, and Mr. Miller is deserving of great credit for his individual enterprise. His mail address is McNair Farm, Minneapolis.

KENNEY BROS.—On a high location and surrounded by plenty of oak trees, six miles from Minneapolis and out on the Silver Lake road, is the dairy owned by Kenney Bros. It is the old and well-known Higgins' dairy, or "Oak Hill Farm," and it was bought by Kenney Bros. about two years ago. The fifty cows found here have always been rated by the inspectors as extra clean. Some of them are Jerseys, and all of them are first-class milkers. They produce 110 gallons of milk per day and supply 200 families. The feed given them consists of bran-shorts, corn-meal and oil-meal in connection with clover hay and corn-fodder. This is as good feed as can be named, and it produces the very best quality and quantity of milk. The farm consists of 320 acres—used for pasture, hay, and feed-crops. Altogether, there is an investment of about \$4,000. To attend to this rightly requires the services of five men and nine horses. The stable, a huge building 35x160 feet in dimensions, is a model of cleanliness. Every cow is bedded with straw, and ventilation is had both from the rear and overhead. The barns are located so as to make a good



MARTIN EBERHARD'S MERRIAM PARK DAIRY



KENNEY BROS.' "OAK HILL FARM" DAIRY, ON SILVER LAKE ROAD.



NORDGREN & LARSON'S DAIRY, ON CEDAR LAKE ROAD.



N. A. SHEPARD'S ST. LOUIS PARK DAIRY.

windbreak for the cattle in the winter months, and well-water is piped to them from a 125-barrel tank, which is supplied by windmill power from the capacious well. There is a separate storage and cooling-house for milk. Cans, etc., are scalded and kept pure and wholesome, and all possible pains taken to insure the perfection of cleanliness. Kenney Bros. put up 300 tons of ice every year, a quantity which is all-sufficient to keep their milk-house at the right temperature and supply the various water-tanks. It does not require very close study of business economy to enable one to see that they are prepared to operate their dairy so as to obtain therefrom the best possible results. In the Minneapolis district are many up-to-date dairymen, but none who understand the business better than Kenney Bros. Their mail address is 2423 Central Ave., Northeast Minneapolis.

NORDGREN & LARSON.—One of the finest and best managed dairies around Minneapolis is Nordgren & Larson's, out on the Cedar Lake road. Dairying has been the occupation of these gentlemen all their lives. Their stable is new and made on the latest improved plans, with perfect ventilation and drainage, and absolute cleanliness. The cows are kept as neat and sleek as curried horses. The dairy is on Hannan's Lake, a pretty sheet of water that yields pure ice and healthful air. Bran-shorts, corn-meal, hay and corn-fodder are used for

feed. Nordgren & Larson began with twenty-seven cows, but now have sixty-five of the best milkers to be found. Even with this number they have had to buy twenty-five gallons of milk extra, every day, in order to supply their growing patronage. This is pretty good proof of their popularity and fair-dealing. The milk-house is apart from the stable and connects with the ice-house, where all the milk is cooled prior to its delivery. The P. O. address is 2215 11th Ave. South, Minneapolis.

N. A. SHEPARD.—Perseverance, energy, and a thorough knowledge of the dairy business gained by five years of experience, have made Mr. Shepard one of the most successful dairymen in the State. His herd of cows, which is the average size dairy herd, is noted for the extra cleanliness of the animals, the stable also being kept so clean and well-ventilated that the purest and most healthful milk is insured. The product amounts to eighty or ninety gallons per day, and it is sold to many of the best people in Minneapolis. Mr. Shepard is a painstaking dairymen. He gives personal attention to every detail, and treats his patrons so fairly that his business cannot well help growing. Mail addressed to St. Louis Park, Minneapolis, will reach him safely.

C. H. ALEXANDER.—According to good judges, another first-class Minneapolis dairymen is found in the person of C. H. Alexander,

whose dairy is near the Short Line bridge. His six years' experience have given him a thorough knowledge of the business and brought him rapidly to the forefront. The rating of his dairy has always been "extra clean," both on cows and barn. These are under his own supervision and receive his special attention. The stable is 50x100 feet in dimensions and provides plenty of room for Mr. Alexander's forty cows. A daily supply of eighty-five gallons of milk is distributed among 130 customers, some of whom are in Merriam Park as well as in Minneapolis. For feed, flour and bran, with hay and oil-meal, are used. The water supply is both ample and excellent, the milk-house and the cattle being provided with the purest of living spring-water piped direct from the spring to the buildings. The milk-house, by the way, is worthy of special mention. A stream of deliciously-cool spring-water flows through the milk-tank continually, thus helping to create an ideal temperature and an unrivaled condition of cleanliness. There is a large boiler-stove here, too, by means of which forty-five gallons of water can be heated for scalding milk-cans, etc. Everything is very convenient and superlatively neat. Customers who desire it will have milk delivered to them in bottles, Mr. Alexander being prepared to adopt this new system wherever it is preferred to the old way. Upon the 300 acres of pasture-land connected with the dairy are a large number of flowing springs, the cattle having access to this pure, fresh wa-



C. H. ALEXANDER'S DAIRY, NEAR SHORT LINE BRIDGE, MINNEAPOLIS, AND FLASH-LIGHT VIEW OF SCALDING DEPARTMENT IN HIS MILK-HOUSE.

ter at all times. These, with other features, help to make it one of the most desirable dairies in this section. Three men are employed, and three horses are used in delivering milk. Mr. Alexander's mail address is Merriam Park.

HANS C. JOHNSON.—One of the loveliest spots for dairy purposes is occupied by Hans C. Johnson, proprietor of the "Springdale Dairy" at Minnetonka Mills. It is about eight miles west of Minneapolis, on Minnehaha Creek. The premises are reached by crossing a neat little bridge that leads from the road to the dairy and spans the beautiful Minnehaha, a stream that flows directly in front of Mr. Johnson's home and within a few feet of his barn. This affords an abundance of pure, running water all through the summer months; while in the winter the cattle are provided with water that is conveyed through pipes, from a flowing spring and by means of a windmill, directly to the stable. The feed consists of bran-shorts and corn-meal,—the best feed known to dairy-men,—combined with hay and corn-fodder. Visitors will find the barn, a building that is 30x90 feet in dimensions, one of the best equipped in the country. It is a model of cleanliness. The Parker system is in use here, thus keeping the floor free from compost, dampness and all impurities. This fine dairy has sixty cows. They yield a daily supply amounting to 120 gallons, and this is distributed among 150 regular customers. To operate the business properly the services of four men, nine horses and two wagons are needed. The milk-house is one to be proud of. It is detached from the barn, has a cemented floor, and contains a living spring. All this lies at a depth of ten feet below the level of the ground, thus insuring a perfect temperature for the milk at all seasons. Mr. Johnson has been in the business eleven years, although he is still a very young man. He is successful, enterprising, and stands deservedly popular among his many customers. Any man who strives with all his energies to merit public approval is worthy of the most substantial encouragement, and there is no doubt that Mr. Johnson's business will keep right on growing as long as he continues to operate it. The address is 112 Washington Avenue South, Minneapolis.

J. E. Foss.—A casual inspection of the dai-

ries in the vicinity of Minneapolis will reveal the fact that the majority of them occupy charming locations. Such is the case with the dairy controlled by Mr. Foss. It is situated on Keegan's Lake, one of the lovely lakelets that adorn this part of Minnesota. Just outside the city limits and fed by pure springs, its waters are cool and healthful and the vicinage admirably adapted to the various requirements of a first-class dairy. Mr. Foss has had fourteen years' experience. He began the business with fifteen cows, but now his herd numbers seventy. These seventy cows produce a supply of 140 gallons of milk per day—enough to furnish 400 families a pint to five gallons each of

cultivation. Mr. Foss has brought fine executive ability to bear upon his large interests, and his exceptional success has been fully merited. No one knows just how long he will be satisfied to keep his herd down to seventy milkers, large as that number is. There is room for an additional thirty in the spacious barn, and it is more than probable that he will keep on adding to his herd until it reaches the one hundred point. His P. O. address is 1329 Washington Ave. South, and orders from new customers will receive immediate attention.

G. LOFTUS.—A thoroughly attractive and well-kept dairy is the "Prospect Hill Dairy," owned by Mr. Loftus. It was started with seven cows, but it did not end there. Mr. Loftus directed his affairs so wisely and treated his customers so fairly that increasing demand for his rich milk forced him to add and to keep adding to his herd until now it numbers thirty good cows. There is a daily output of sixty gallons of milk, which goes to ninety-five families. Considering that Mr. Loftus has only been in the business three years, it must be admitted that he has scored a pronounced success. His enterprise never stops short of the best results. For instance, very recently he began delivering milk in bottles—the system now in vogue among the up-to-date Eastern dairies. When his patrons receive their milk put up in neat bottles, they know that it is clean and pure. It keeps sweet longer, too, and is better every way than when poured out of the can at each delivery. All the cows have been tested for tuberculosis. They passed a clean inspection. The stable is a model of

cleanliness—well-kept and whitewashed, thus destroying all disease germs and banishing foul odors. Mr. Loftus has twenty acres of cultivated land and seventy-five acres used for pasturage. The milk-house is clear away from the stable, and sweet and clean as a matter of course. A windmill supplies pure well-water, and the feed consists of shorts and corn-meal combined with clover and corn-fodder. Two men and five horses are employed. The dairy is three miles from Minneapolis, stands on high ground and has pure air and excellent drainage. A drive out there and a look at the premises would convince any one of his ninety-five patrons that Mr. Loftus is an accomplished dairyman. The business is made a study by



HANS C. JOHNSON'S LOVELY "SPRINGDALE DAIRY," AT MINNETONKA MILLS.

the rich fluid every twenty-four hours—many of these families being among the best people of Minneapolis. This is a large patronage, but Mr. Foss has it, and it is increasing constantly. It is easily seen that he cannot possibly do all this business with fewer than six men, eleven horses and six wagons. The barn is a big one—28x124 feet. It will accommodate 100 cows. Care is taken to keep the cattle in good condition, the State inspectors rating them as extra clean. They are watered by windmill power, the water being of the same quality as that which feeds the lake. All the milk is cooled properly, and all the utensils used are kept clean and bright. Of the 180 acres of land found here, eighty are in pasture and 100 under



THE LARGE DAIRY OF J. E. FOSS, ON KEEGAN'S LAKE.



"PROSPECT HILL DAIRY," NEAR MINNEAPOLIS, OWNED BY G. LOFTUS.



C. SORENSEN'S DAIRY LOCATION, ON CEDAR LAKE ROAD.

him. He gives it his best thought and closest attention. Like all men who aim at entire success, he counts no labor too great if it but serves his steadfast purpose. Mail should be sent to 513 14th Ave., Southeast Minneapolis.

C. SORENSEN.—If one will leave Minneapolis and drive out about five miles on the Cedar Lake road, it will bring one to C. Sorensen's dairy. Mr. Sorensen is twenty-seven years old and a thorough dairyman. He has made dairying and the care of cows a life-long study as well as business, and it may be said that he has studied to good purpose. He started the dairy with twenty-two cows, which are all that the barn will accommodate. These cows are maintained in the finest possible condition, and he probably gets as much milk from them, and realizes as great a profit, as many dairymen do who keep thirty cows or more. According to the State dairy inspectors, Mr. Sorensen's dairy has always been classed as extra clean. He recently remodeled his barn, put in new floors, and added the most improved system of ventilation. This means quite an outlay of money, but it also indicates Mr. Sorensen's determination to stay in the front rank of progressive dairymen. The dairy is located on high ground, where good drainage is afforded. The milk-house is away from the stable, and it is kept as neat and clean as a parlor. All the cans are scalded and aired properly, and every pains is

taken to provide the purest, richest and most wholesome milk and cream. Bran, corn-meal and screenings are fed to the cattle, with hay and corn-fodder for rough food. Water is served from a well by means of a windmill. The product of this dairy amounts to fifty gallons per day. About 100 families are supplied. It takes two men and six horses to run the business. Sixty-five acres of land are used for hay, pasture and cultivation. Not less than \$2,000 is invested here. The herd of cows include some fine Holsteins and Jerseys—about the best and richest milkers in the universe. A visit to the dairy would convince his customers that Mr. Sorensen is careful, enterprising, and just the kind of dairy-

man it pays to deal with the year round. He is punctual in his service, gives honest measure, and delivers the purest and richest products that can be produced. His mail address is 105 Washington Ave. South, Minneapolis.

Foss Bros.—The large dairy operated by Foss Bros. is located at Minnetonka Mills. There are three of these brothers—Austin, Ole, and Charles, all young men of energy and full of enterprise. They have been in the business ten years. At first they had only fifteen cows, but constantly increasing popularity, coupled with a thorough knowledge of the business and careful management, compelled them to add to their herd until it attained its present proportions—forty of as good milkers as there are in the country. The property owned by these gentlemen comprises two hundred and forty acres of land, a large barn, a milk-house and ice-house, a big windmill, and all those other belongings and facilities which characterize a first-class modern dairy. Fifty acres are in meadow, sixty are devoted to food-crops, etc., and 130 acres are used for pasturage. The barn is 30x100 feet in dimensions and can furnish plenty of room for sixty cows. A glance shows the visitor that the milk-house is detached from the stables and that it is connected with an ice-house. Cans and all other utensils are kept in a state of perfect cleanliness, the entire

dairy—from cows to barn and even ventilation, being reported by the State inspectors as extra clean and good. The forty cows that are now giving milk yield an output of eighty gallons per day. This large quantity of milk, after being cooled, is carried to 125 regular customers, who are hereby assured that they receive as choice milk and cream as the best of cows can produce. It takes six men, nine horses and six wagons to operate this dairy. The feed provided for the cattle is of the standard variety and quality, and the windmill supplies the entire premises with pure well-water. Altogether, Foss Brothers' investment in land, buildings, stock, etc., is not less than eight thousand dollars. Mail should be sent to them at Minnetonka Mills. They are always desirous of extending their business, and will be glad to receive orders from new patrons.

RUDD & SIMONDS' SUPERIOR AVE. DAIRY.—About five miles from Minneapolis is the fine dairy and other valuable property owned by Rudd & Simonds. They have a beautiful location on Superior Avenue, four and a half miles from Loring Park, a part of the country that is frequented by all lovers of good roads and fine scenery. The buildings belonging to this dairy are all new, and the cattle and stable are rated as extra clean. There are forty acres of productive land, and twenty cows that produce forty gallons of milk every day and thus supply seventy patrons. Whatever a dairy plant needs, these gentlemen have—from a windmill to the best feed and the best facilities for handling, cooling and caring for milk, cans, etc. The management of the dairy part of Rudd & Simonds' business is in the competent hands of Mr. Rudd, who is assisted ably by his estimable wife. She is always ready to welcome and to entertain those whose business, friendship or curiosity may lead them thitherward. Four men are employed, six horses are used, and the sum of \$15,000 is invested in the property. A part of this investment, however, consists of a fine poultry-house and high-grade poultry—poultry that captured the first prize at the World's Fair. Mr. Simonds is connected with the Minneapolis & Northern Elevator Company as grain inspector, a position he has held during the past fourteen years. This company is a branch of the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Company, well-known throughout the world. Both members of the firm of Rudd & Simonds are men of excellent character and good ability. It requires careful management to succeed in any business at any time, but it calls for still better conduct of affairs to



FOSS BROS.' DAIRY, AT MINNETONKA MILLS.



RUDD & SIMONDS' SUPERIOR AVENUE DAIRY.



M. REY'S "GOLDEN VALLEY" DAIRY, ON CEDAR LAKE ROAD.

maintain large business interests and make steady advances during a long period of depression. This is what Messrs. Rudd & Simonds have done, though, and it is why they will continue to prosper. The mail address is 303 Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis, and it will pay to drop them a line if you should ever care to change dairymen.

M. REY.—One of the largest dairies on the Cedar Lake road belongs to Mr. Rey, who is one of the earliest settlers and also a pioneer dairyman. His farm of fifty-eight acres is the old homestead upon which he has lived twenty-eight long years. It is here that he has established one of the largest and finest dairies in the Minneapolis district. The barn, 60x100 feet in dimensions, furnishes ample room for his herd of sixty cows and the thirty tons of hay and the large quantity of foodstuffs required, besides affording storage capacity for his wagons, sleighs, etc. The locality is elevated, the drainage is good, and plenty of shade is provided for the cattle in the summer months by a fine oak grove that stands conveniently near. The ventilation of the stables is thorough and the cows are strictly clean. Bran, corn, shorts and screenings, with hay and corn-fodder, constitute the feed, which is ground in Mr. Rey's own mill by horse-power. The cows are given water that is piped from a well to the stable by means of a windmill. So far as the milk-house is concerned, it has no connection with the stable and is supplied with running water directly from the well, power for this being furnished by the windmill. Mr. Rey is assisted by his sons Emil and Edward, who have grown up in the business and are thorough dairymen. The output of the dairy is about 100 gallons per day—an output that goes to 200 or more families. This milk is delivered in cans that are scalded and aired perfectly every day, the utmost pains being taken to keep everything about the premises in first-class condition. Mr. Rey's delivery wagons are nicely lettered as follows: "M. Rey, Golden Valley, No. 1026." They make the rounds promptly and regularly, and the list of homes they stop at grows larger and larger with each succeeding month. If anyone wishes to reach Mr. Rey by mail, letters should be addressed to 800 Western Ave., Minneapolis. He will respond to them promptly and be sure to give satisfaction.

L. H. HOYT.—Among the largest and most enterprising dairymen in the district under consideration is L. H. Hoyt. His dairy is just

outside the city limits and on an elevation which overlooks the entire city of Minneapolis. The 150 gallons of milk produced daily by the seventy cows which constitute this herd is sold chiefly at retail. An immense 40x300-foot stable is used, and the reports of the State dairy inspectors give both cows and stable an excellent rating. It is hardly necessary to say that the milk-rooms are detached and that the cans and other utensils are always in the best possible condition, for Mr. Hoyt has been in the business twelve years and knows what it requires. He feeds bran-shorts and corn-meal, and corn-fodder, millet and tame hay. The water used comes from a well that is 160 feet deep, and windmill power pumps and forces it through pipes to the stable. In connection with the dairy are large feeding premises where 150 to 300 steers are fed and fattened. There are 1,400 acres of land in the estate, from which Mr. Hoyt cuts 800 to 900 tons of hay per annum, besides obtaining pasturage, for his large herd. A visit to the feed-room would show that fifty to sixty tons of feed are kept on hand, two to three tons of which are fed daily. There are Fairbanks scales for weighing stock, and large hay-racks which hold two or three tons of hay for his steers to feed from. He also has a complete set of dehorning tools, all dehorning being done by himself on his own premises. He employs a force of seven men and uses nineteen horses in the business, a statement which will convey a good deal of meaning to those who are engaged in similar enterprises. It requires a large amount of business to keep seven men and nineteen horses at work profitably, but the proprietor of this big dairy and feed-farm does it easily. Mr. Hoyt resides in Northeast Minneapolis, but his mail should be addressed to No. 725 University Avenue, N. E.

SCHACK BROS.—Minnetonka Mills, near which lovely locality Schack Bros.' dairy is found, is about eight miles from the city of Minneapolis and on the famous Minnehaha Creek. It is, therefore, an ideal site for a rural homestead. Schack Bros. have been in



L. H. HOYT'S LARGE DAIRY, NEAR MINNEAPOLIS.

the dairy business five years. When they began they had only eight cows, but good management and growing popularity have forced them to add to this number until now they have a dairy of forty cows. These cows produce eighty gallons of rich milk per day, which is distributed among seventy-five regular customers. To handle this business the services of four men, eight horses and five wagons are required. Among the dairy facilities owned by Schack Bros. is a windmill, which supplies good, pure well-water for the stock. The barn is big enough to shelter ninety head of cattle, and both cows and barn are reported by the State inspectors as clean and healthful. To prevent dirt and other refuse from falling into the pails, covered pails are used. All this milk is cooled, before delivery, in a well-kept detached milk-house. This house adjoins the ice-house, so that everything is very conveniently arranged for the cooling and preserving process. There are three brothers in this firm—twenty-one, twenty-four and twenty-six years of age respectively. They have made a splendid record for so young business men, and much may be expected of them in the future. The property includes 100 acres of pasture and sixty acres of plow-land for feed, etc. To look after all this estate, keep the dairy in first-class condition, take good care of the many customers and manage the financial part of the enterprise, makes constant watchfulness and a thorough knowledge of their busi-



SCHACK BROS.' DAIRY FARM, NEAR MINNETONKA MILLS.



E. M. CHRISTIANSEN'S AURORA PARK DAIRY.

ness a positive necessity. There are a hundred items of care and expense that enter into the dairy business, of which the general public know nothing. The dairyman earns all he can make, and if Schack Bros. have made a little more than some others, it is because they know how to economize their resources and get the most out of them. Mail should be sent to them at Minnetonka Mills.

E. M. CHRISTIANSEN.—Among the many admirably located dairies in the vicinity of Minneapolis is E. M. Christiansen's at Aurora Park. There are 160 acres of land in this property, about 140 acres of which are used for pasture and meadows. An abundance of oak trees afford delicious shade and add a charm to the surrounding landscape. The barn, 50x80 feet in dimensions, is built on the side of a hill—as are all the buildings, thus having absolutely perfect drainage at every season of the year, be it wet or dry. Mr. Christiansen has been in the business two years. He is only twenty-four years of age, but he has mastered the dairy business completely and has achieved a success that any man might well be proud of. Young, strong, healthy-looking and always bright and cheery, he has a pleasant word for everyone and never finds it difficult to win friends and patrons. He has forty-four cows. They are kept in good condition on bran-shorts, corn-meal, millet, and hay and corn-fodder. There is a

large windmill on the place, and plenty of pure well-water. The barn is classed as extra clean and well ventilated, and it is provided with all modern dairy conveniences. It is safe to say that the milk-house is one of the finest in this section. It stands by itself. It has a concrete floor, and is supplied with cold-water tanks in which the milk, placed in cans, is kept perfectly cool. All cans and utensils are scalded daily and put on shelves to drain and be aired. Connected with the milk-house is the building in which the ice is stored. Mr. Christiansen gives personal attention to his business. He knows just what is being done on his premises, and is always trying to study up new ways and

means to add to the value of his own property and increase the efficiency of the service which he renders to a large number of regular customers. He takes pride in his business. He is the kind of dairyman one likes to deal with. The mail address is 1069 24th Ave. S. E., Minneapolis

DAVID LUBY.—Out on the Watertown road, about five miles from Minneapolis, is the dairy presided over by David Luby. It was started in 1894, and it has stood well up among the best ever since. Mr. Luby is a man who has ideas of his own. That is, while always ready to adopt any wise improvements which other dairymen may make, he does not content himself with these. He uses his own head, and it frequently happens that he is able to devise systems, or improvements on dairy systems, which help to constitute his dairy a model one. For instance, while many good dairymen permit the tails of their cows to hang down when in the stable, thus getting them filthy, Mr. Luby keeps his cows clean by attaching a rope to their tails and gently suspending them to a pole above. The nearer a dairyman can come to absolute cleanliness, the better will be the condition of his cows and the more healthful and nourishing the quality of the milk. Connected with this dairy are 225 acres of land. Some of it is used for pasture, some for hay, and a portion of it is under cultivation. Count the cows and you will see that there are thirty-

five, all good ones. They produce about sixty gallons daily, supplying a large and first-class trade. The barn is 40x125 feet in size, and well arranged. A windmill pumps water from a well into a large tank; pipes run from the tank to the barn, and the cattle are thus provided with all the pure well-water they want. The milk is cooled and stored in a separate building, all cans being scalded and aired thoroughly. Four men and nine horses are necessary to run this dairy. They have no time to idle away, for the energetic proprietor believes in paying close attention to every detail of the business. It is this practice which enables him to maintain perfect control of his varied interests and to meet the demands of his patrons fully and promptly at all times. Mail addressed to Mr. Luby at Minneapolis Park will be sure to reach him.

J. OLSON.—On the old Watertown road and some five miles from Minneapolis is J. Olson's dairy. It occupies a high and dry location and is very near Bassett's Creek, a clear, running stream which is the outlet of Medicine Lake—and which, by the way, is fed by springs. This creek furnishes cool water for the dairy in the summer, and during the cold season water is pumped from a well by windmill power and run right into the stable. The farm contains 218 acres. A good portion of this is pasture-land, the rest being given over to hay and the production of grain. As the dairy has thirty cows, besides half-a-dozen horses, it takes lots of grain to furnish a sufficient supply of feed; and it is always cheaper to raise one's feed than to buy it. This feed is generally bran, corn-meal and screenings, hay and corn-fodder, the best there is. The thirty cows produce sixty gallons of milk per day and supply about 100 customers. Mr. Olson is a successful dairyman of ten years' experience, and has established a very profitable retail business. He has invested about \$2,000, and employs two men and six horses. Reference to the State dairy and food reports will show that his dairy ranks among the best, being rated as extra clean. It was built recently, on the most approved plans. Well-ventilated and drained, it is free from bad odors and calculated to produce healthy cattle and pure milk. There is a detached milk-house, and the cans are scalded and aired regularly. No care is omitted in order to make the milk and cream sold equal to the very choicest, a fact so well established among Mr. Olson's customers that complaints are unknown to him. This reminds one that the dairy business is a notably successful business when all the above



DAVID LUBY'S DAIRY, ON THE WATERTOWN ROAD.



J. OLSON'S DAIRY, ON THE WATERTOWN ROAD.



ERICKSON & JOHNSON'S GOLDEN VALLEY DAIRY.

named rules of cleanliness and good management are observed, and that nearly all failures in the business are due to their non-observance. Mr. Olson has learned these rules thoroughly. Mail should be addressed to him at 629 Fourth Street South, Minneapolis.

ERICKSON & JOHNSON.—This dairy is located in the little suburb of Golden Valley, and is high and dry. The proprietors are successors to N. J. Madson, who formerly controlled the business and established therefor a good reputation. This reputation is now being added to, for it is well-known among the State dairy inspectors that no better man can be in charge of a dairy than Mr. Johnson. He has had control of some of the best and cleanest herds in the vicinity of Minneapolis, and he knows just how to run such a business. Erickson & Johnson have twenty-four cows, and deliver forty-eight gallons of milk daily to 100 customers. They do their own work, employ two wagons and five horses, and have 280 acres of land. The dairy has all modern facilities, and is reported as first-class. Mail should be addressed to 2014 21st Ave. South, Minneapolis.

H. J. CHRISTENSEN.—Mr. Christensen's customers—and he has 125—may well feel proud of their milkman. By referring to the State dairy and food reports they will find that his dairy at St. Anthony Park is always reported by the inspectors as extra clean. His barn,

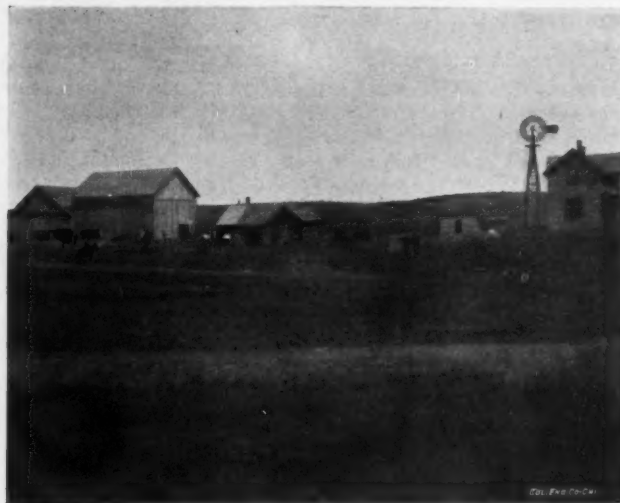
which is 30x80 feet in dimensions, accommodates fifty cows, is whitewashed inside, entirely separate from the barn in which the horses are kept, and is under his own supervision constantly. His forty extra-clean cows yield seventy-five gallons of milk daily, and the milk is stored in a cool, neat and clean detached milk-house. There are 200 acres in the farm, eighty acres under cultivation and 120 for hay and pasture. The cattle have pure well-water pumped by a windmill directly to the barn, and their feed comprises the best bran-shorts and corn-meal. All the milk cans are scalded and aired daily; there isn't a foul odor about the dairy. Mr. Christensen's mail address is 519 14th Ave., Southeast Minneapolis.

J. S. M'Eachern.—Just outside the city limits, on Columbia Heights and close to the new city reservoir, is Mr. McEachern's dairy. He has been in the business fourteen years, has \$3,000 invested, and has achieved success. The stable, 34x80, is new and has plenty of room for his thirty-five cows. It is provided with rear and overhead ventilators. The output of sixty gallons of milk supplies 125 patrons daily. Bran-shorts, corn-meal and cut corn-fodder are used for feed. All fodder is cut by the proprietor's own feed-cutter, a large machine operated by horse-power. Water is piped to the barn, from a big tank which is kept filled by windmill power, and comes from a good well. The milk-house is detached, and the cans are

scalded and kept perfectly clean. Mr. McEachern has 120 acres for hay, pasture and feed, and employs three men and six horses. His State report is first-class. A tuberculosis test has shown that the cows are free from disease. Mail should be addressed to Station 5, Central Ave., Northeast Minneapolis.

JOHN PETERSON.—One of the enterprising dairymen of St. Anthony Park is John Peterson. His cows are reported as extra clean, and the barn is dry, extra clean and well ventilated. This barn is 30x125 feet in dimensions, thus giving plenty of room for fifty-four cows. The milk output is about 100 gallons per day, and it supplies 125 patrons. It is kept free from all bad odors in a neat and well-kept detached milk-house, and the cans are scalded and aired daily. Corn-meal and bran are fed, and a windmill supplies well-water for the stables as well as for all other purposes. The property comprises 200 acres. There is abundance of shade for summer, and ample sheltering facilities against cold weather. Three men and six horses are employed to keep the premises clean and conduct the business properly. Mr. Peterson's P. O. address is 807 4th St., Southeast Minneapolis.

LARSON BROS.—Seven miles from Minneapolis and one and one-half miles west of Ft. Snelling is the dairy of Larson Bros. They have named their pretty location "Oak View Dairy."



J. S. M'Eachern's DAIRY ON COLUMBIA HEIGHTS, MINNEAPOLIS.



H. J. CHRISTENSEN'S ST. ANTHONY PARK DAIRY.



JOHN PETERSON'S LARGE DAIRY AT ST. ANTHONY PARK.

Thirty first-class cows yield sixty gallons of milk daily and supply 130 families. The State inspector classes this dairy as extra clean. The barn holds forty cows and is kept clean and wholesome. The ice-house and milk-house are detached from the stable and adjoin each other. They are kept neatly, and the milk is at all times cool and pure. There are seventy-five acres of pasture and sixty of plow-land. The cattle have well-water, and a windmill enables the proprietors to convey it direct to the barn. Larson Bros.' investment here is at least \$3,000. Their house and dairy are surrounded by oak trees, and look cozy and attractive. The post-office address is 1505 Washington Ave. South, Minneapolis.

is 2423 Central Ave., Northeast Minneapolis. He would be a good man to place orders with.

H. THOMPSON.—This dairy has a fine location on Cedar Avenue, overlooking Lake Amelia. Mr. Thompson is a practical dairyman, always makes a good annual report, and has been very successful. He has ninety acres of land, twenty-six cows—some of which are Jerseys and Durhams, and a barn that accommodates thirty head of cattle. He delivers fifty gallons of milk daily to 150 customers. The feed consists of ground oats, barley, corn-meal, hay and millet, and only pure well-water is used. The milk-house stands by itself, and is kept neat and clean. Mr. Thompson has about \$3,000 in-

the milk-house is apart from the stable there are no bad odors about it and everything is kept clean, sweet, and pure. The twenty-five cows yield forty-five gallons of milk per day and supply about 140 families. Mr. Rasmussen feeds his cattle shorts and bran, corn-fodder and hay, and gives them pure well-water. He uses eight horses, employs two hired men, superintends all work himself, and is a thorough dairyman. His P. O. address is 2112 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis.

JOSEPH COVENY.—Seven miles up the river road and directly opposite Fridley is the home of Mr. Coveny, one of the old pioneers in the dairy business. He has been supplying Min-



LARSON BROS.' "OAK VIEW DAIRY," NEAR FT. SNELLING.



H. THOMPSON'S CEDAR AVENUE DAIRY, NEAR LAKE AMELIA.



G. H. PARTRIDGE'S DAIRY, ON SILVER LAKE ROAD.



C. RASMUSSEN'S RICHFIELD DAIRY.

G. H. PARTRIDGE.—Mr. Partridge's dairy is on the Silver Lake road and about four miles from the business part of Minneapolis. He has thirty extra clean cows, kept in an extra clean and well-ventilated stable. Bran, shorts, hay and corn-fodder constitute the feed, and windmill power pipes well-water into a large tank and thence directly to the cattle. The milk-house is detached, and adjoins the ice-house. Everything is neat and clean. Cans are scalded and aired daily. There are forty acres for pasture, hay and cultivation, and work is given to four men, six horses and two wagons. Sixty-five gallons of milk are delivered to 200 customers every day. Mr. Partridge is a practical dairyman and has been very successful. His mail address

vested in the business, and employs two men, seven horses and one delivery wagon. It is not always that a milkman can satisfy the demands of 150 patrons the year round, but Mr. Thompson manages to do it without difficulty. His excellent service affords no room for complaints. The post-office address is 1200 Washington Avenue South, Minneapolis.

C. RASMUSSEN.—Among the several well-kept dairies at Richfield, a few miles from the city of Minneapolis, is the one owned by Mr. Rasmussen. It is always rated extra clean, and the stable is in good condition likewise. Out of eighty acres of land, twenty-five are cultivated and the rest is used for pasturage. As

neapolis families with pure milk for the past sixteen years. The dairy is on an elevated piece of ground on the west bank of the Mississippi, thus having good drainage. There is a barn there 40x200 feet in dimensions, thoroughly ventilated, and supplied with well-water that is conveyed to it by means of a windmill. The milk-house is by itself, and is also supplied with running water by the mill. It has seven cooling-vats, all zinc lined. There are seventy-five cows and a daily average of 160 gallons of milk. Both cows and barn are rated extra clean. Mr. Coveny has 200 acres for pasture, hay and feed, and employs nine men, fourteen horses and two wagons. His address is P. O. Box 358, Minneapolis.



JOS. COVENY'S DAIRY ON MISSISSIPPI RIVER, OPPOSITE FRIDLEY.



CRYSTAL LAKE DAIRY OF F. BAUMGARTNER'S SONS.

N. P. JOHNSON.—This dairy is nicely situated on the old Bass Lake road, about six miles west of Minneapolis. It comprises eighty acres, forty under cultivation, the rest in woodland and lake. Thirty cows supply about seventy-five families with sixty gallons of milk per day. Mr. Johnson has been in the business thirteen years. He employs two men and six horses, has a barn that accommodates thirty-five head of cattle, and his dairy is classed as extra clean. All his cows have been tested for tuberculosis, too, and were found free from disease. His trade is chiefly in the heart of the city. He is well known by many citizens, and enjoys their confidence. The best bran-shorts and corn-meal are fed, and a windmill furnishes all the pure well-water needed. The milk-house and ice-house are connected, but are separated from the stable. The State report shows that the barn is whitewashed and well ventilated, and that the entire dairy is first-class. Mr. Johnson's P. O. address is Box 150, Robinsdale, Minn.

F. BAUMGARTNER'S SONS.—The Baumgartner dairy is six miles west of Minneapolis, and may be called one of the model dairies of this section. The sons are successors to F. Baumgartner, an old pioneer. They have thirty-five cows, which produce seventy-five gallons of milk and supply 150 customers daily. These cattle are fed bran, hay and the best of corn-

fodder, and the water used is drawn from a well by a windmill, which also grinds the feed, saws the wood and churns all the butter made. The milk-house is apart from the stables and supplied with fresh water daily. There is a large barn, capable of stalling forty cows, twelve horses and 100 tons of hay. It is of modern construction, and a glance will show that the cows have clean bedding and a tidy stable. Baumgartner's Sons have 150 acres of land, 115 acres of which are under cultivation, the rest in pasture. They should be addressed at the Crystal post-office.

P. O. THOMPSON.—One of the first-class dairies of Minneapolis belongs to P. O. Thompson and is situated on Minnehaha Creek. Mr. Thompson has been in the business five years, has thirty cows, 125 acres of land, and supplies 120 regular patrons. The cows furnish seventy-five gallons of milk daily. They are fed on bran-shorts, hay and corn-fodder. The milk is kept cool and pure in a separate milk-house, and both cows and barn are classed extra clean by the State examiners. This dairy has prospered right along. The proprietor looks after all details carefully, and is determined that his customers shall have as good milk and cream as there are in the market. Mr. Thompson's address is Box 152, St. Louis Park, Minn. If you find it necessary to change dairymen, it would be well to give him a trial.

C. D. BURNES.—When a denizen of the city jumps into a buggy and takes a drive out among the pretty suburbs, including, perhaps, a bit of country, his eyes rest upon many a pleasant home that he would gladly make his own. For cozy homes and lovely surroundings are not confined to cities; they abound in the country, also, where they may be enjoyed without the unwelcome accompaniments of din, smoke and grime. Such a home is possessed by Mr. Burnes at Minnetonka Mills. He is a dairyman of ten years' experience—one of these all-round hustlers whose energy and enterprise permeate a whole neighborhood, and make the world worth living in. Beginning in a small way, by hard work and excellent business judgment he has advanced to the foremost rank of successful dairymen. Not long ago he added a new and beautiful house to his already model surroundings—a home that stands without an equal in his section. It was constructed by his brother, the utmost care having been given to details. It was planned for business as well as for simple home comfort; so one is not surprised to find the basement arranged so as to afford special dairy facilities. It is divided into compartments. There is a fine milk-room, bath-room, wash-room and storage-room, each separate from the others, and provided with all modern conveniences. The kitchen is so nicely arranged that it is a privilege to be cook instead of mistress. Directly under the house is a well.



N. P. JOHNSON'S DAIRY, ON THE OLD BASS LAKE ROAD.



P. O. THOMPSON'S FINE DAIRY, ON MINNEHAHA CREEK.



C. D. BURNES' ELEGANT DAIRY FARM AT MINNETONKA MILLS.

Force-pumps are used to carry this pure water to every desired portion of the building. A still larger supply of water—the coveted soft water—comes from a mammoth cistern. Not far from the residence is the ice-house, which is always well-filled with Lake Minnetonka ice. There are 200 acres of land in these premises. Mr. Burnes has thirty-five cows, six horses, and produces seventy gallons of milk daily. He feeds bran-shorts, corn-meal and hay, and employs the celebrated Parker sanitary system (with improvements by Mr. Burnes' brother) for maintaining perfect cleanliness among his cows and in his stables. When Mr. Taylor, of the Minneapolis firm of Taylor & Norstrom, was there recently to take a photographic view of the dairy, he remarked that the cows were the finest he had ever seen. The address is Minnetonka Mills.

JENS NELSON.—Mr. Nelson has been in the dairy business eight years. He has thirty-five cows, and 150 acres of good pasture-land alongside the State Fair Grounds. The cows are fed bran, shorts, corn and corn-fodder, oil-meal cakes and hay, and a wind-mill pumps good well-water into a large tank in the stable. The barn is 33x70 feet in dimensions, and is rated as extra clean and well ventilated. Mr. Nelson's cows have been tested for tuberculosis and are first-class in every respect. His milk-house is separated from the stable and the cans are scalded and aired regularly. Three men and five horses are employed. The dairy is maintained in a high state of efficiency, and the proprietor enjoys an excellent

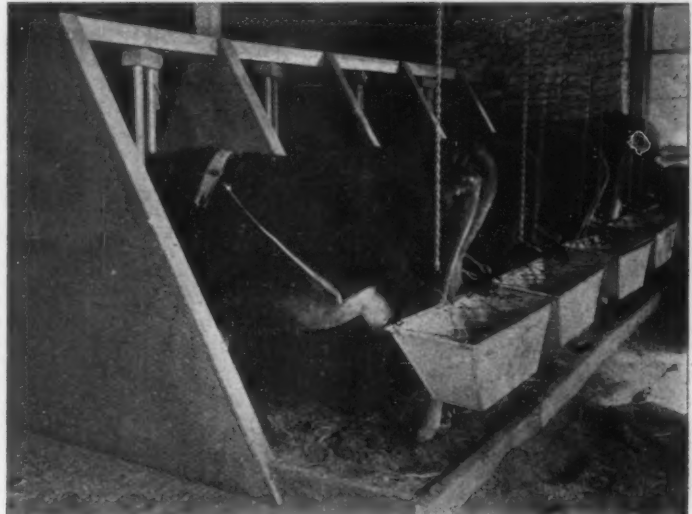
reputation among his many customers, who are all in St. Anthony Park. He is prompt, honest, and never fails to supply a rich quality of milk and cream. Mail should be ad-



JENS NELSON'S DAIRY NEAR THE MINNESOTA STATE FAIR GROUNDS.

dressed to him at St. Anthony Park, St. Paul.

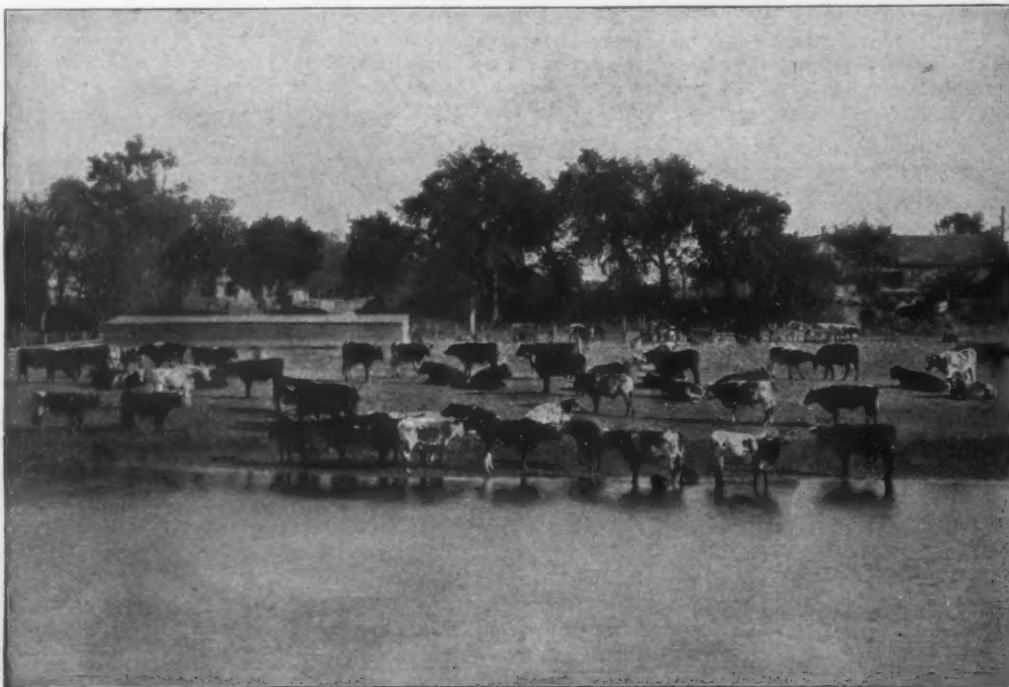
A GOOD SANITARY SYSTEM.—The Parkersani-



THE PARKER SANITARY SYSTEM IN PRACTICAL OPERATION.

tary dairy system, an illustration of which is given on this page, is worthy of being adopted very generally by progressive milkmen. It is endorsed strongly by many of the best dairy authorities in the country. T. L. Haecker, professor of dairy husbandry in the University of Minnesota, has used the system at the State Experiment Farm, and "is satisfied that it is an exceedingly valuable invention." A. H. Bertram, assistant dairy and food commissioner of Minnesota, examined the system thoroughly and endorses it heartily. He says: "I found the cows absolutely clean, the floor upon which they stood perfectly dry, and no cowy odor was noticeable in the barn. If this system should be adopted among the dairies of the State, it would remove all cause of complaint arising from barn odors—so often detected in the milk and butter found upon the market. I have made arrangements to have the system placed in my own dairy." It is

probable that the Parker system will be used quite universally in the near future. It saves labor, maintains cleanliness and promotes the general well-being of dairy cattle. With the adoption of proposed health measures in lines of cleanliness, perfect ventilation and the unobstructed admission of pure sunlight, dairy stables and premises will be freed from all conditions that militate against either public well being or private gain. These improvements can be made to the majority of dairies at small cost, and they will more than pay for themselves in a year's time. Such enterprise brings public confidence and enriches dairymen by creating extra values.



A GENTLE SOURCE OF UNTOLD WEALTH.



JOHNSON & HANSEN'S DAIRY, EDINA MILLS.

JOHNSON & HANSEN.—This is another of those dairies that can be written of with pleasure and satisfaction. It is about one mile west of Edina Mills, a pretty little suburb some five miles from the city of Minneapolis. The location is a beautiful one. It overlooks the surrounding country, affords healthful air and water, provides ample drainage, and constitutes a delightful place of residence. Go out there and talk with Johnson & Hansen, and you will find that they have been in the dairy business fourteen years and know it like a book. Twenty-three cows were what they started with; now they have about fifty. From these cows come ninety gallons of milk—enough to supply 125 families daily. It needs five men, nine horses and four wagons to run the business. These find plenty of work looking after the dairy and attending to sixty acres of plow-land and 140 acres of good pasturage. A brief inspection will show the visitor that the barn on these premises is elevated three feet from the ground, thus insuring perfect drainage and ventilation. It will show a windmill, too, and the best of well-water and milk-making feed. The barn is 32x80 feet and has room for fifty head of cattle. There is a neat and tidily-kept detached milk-house, about which are found all the latest and most approved dairy facilities. Johnson & Hansen are men who stand in the front rank of the business. They sell to the best trade in Minneapolis, and their cows and stable are classed as extra clean by the dairy

authorities. The State report also shows that their stable has no stanchions, and that their system of tying the cows is worthy of praise. It is enterprising dairymen like Johnson & Hansen that reflect credit on the whole fraternity. They believe in progressive methods, and carry their belief into practice. The difference between dairymen, in this respect, is just as great as the difference between men engaged in other lines of business. Some are born to success, others to failure. The firm's post-office address is Edina Mills.

NORD & LARSON.—These gentlemen have as well regulated a dairy as can be found. It is on high ground and in the pretty suburb of Richfield. Sixty gallons of rich milk come daily from the herd of thirty cows and help to cheer and comfort 130 customers. These cows are kept extra clean, and the stable they occupy is whitewashed and ventilated. Only pure well-water is used, and the feed consists of shorts, bran and corn, and other nourishing foods. Nord & Larson have \$3,000 invested in the business. There are sixty-five acres of pasture, twenty of hay, and seventy-five under cultivation. Four men and nine horses are employed. They have a separate milk-house, all the modern improvements for keeping milk clean and cool, and their good management and square-dealing have brought them deserved success. Their mail address is 1221 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis.



E. E. KING'S DAIRY, NEAR MINNEAPOLIS.

E. E. KING.—Mr. King has been in the dairy business thirty-five years. He has 163 acres of fine, level grazing land two and one-half miles south of Minneapolis, and a herd of cows that numbers forty-five head. The daily output of milk is fifty gallons. A good deal of this is sold at wholesale. The dairy ranks among the best, and it supplies a good share of the best city trade. Mr. King has a large, clean and well-ventilated barn, and stands high with the State dairy inspectors. He has owned this dairy thirty-nine years, and is one of the pioneer dairymen in very truth. More than this, the postmaster at Minneapolis says that Mr. King is the oldest box-renter in the city. He has built up a big patronage by his square methods of doing business, and is certainly entitled to all the success that comes from honest effort. The mail address is Box 353, Minneapolis.

NODELL & SON.—Some five or six miles south of Minneapolis, on Lyndale Avenue, is the dairy of Nodell & Son. It is in the midst of a maple and oak grove and near the banks of Wood Lake, a clear sheet of water about one-half mile wide. This dairy includes 180 acres of land, used for pasture, hay, and cultivation. The forty cows yield eighty gallons of milk daily and supply 200 patrons. They are fed bran, screenings and shorts, with hay and corn-fodder. A windmill forces pure well-water through pipes direct to the barn. Nodell & Son's dairy is rated extra clean by the State



NORD & LARSON'S AT RICHFIELD, NEAR MINNEAPOLIS.



NODELL & SON'S DAIRY ON LYNDALE AVENUE, NEAR WOOD LAKE.

inspectors. The cows have fresh bedding, are curried daily, and have passed the State test for tuberculosis. The milk-house is separated from the stables, and, of course, is clean. Every can is scalded and aired once a day. The barn is 40x80 and affords plenty of room for hay, feed and wagons. This dairy employs four men, eight horses and two delivery wagons. The P. O. address is 918 19th Ave. South, Minneapolis.

THE TUBERCULIN TEST AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

BY C. L. SMITH, STATE DAIRY AND FOOD INSPECTOR.

Dairymen in the Minneapolis district have suffered severe financial loss on account of the "tuberculosis scare" started about two years ago, many people becoming so frightened at the supposed danger lurking in infected milk that they stopped using it entirely. In some instances the sales of milk fell off fifty per cent. The Minneapolis Board of Health made a ruling that no license should be issued for the sale of milk in the city until the cows had been tested with tuberculin and were certified to by the veterinary of the board as being free from tuberculosis. Very few people knew anything about the character or extent of the disease among the dairy herds. The wildest and most exaggerated stories were told about the number of cows infected and the danger to human life by the use of milk from such herds. These stories grew as they were repeated, some of the daily papers enlarging them under scare headlines, the poor dairyman being caricatured as an enemy to public life and health.

Very naturally, the men thus assailed resented the attacks made upon themselves and their industry, and put themselves on the defensive against what seemed to them an unwarranted attempt to destroy their property and ruin their business. If a single cow was condemned and killed, the number grew by repetition to hundreds in a few days. It was said that the tuberculin injection caused healthy cows to go dry, to abort, and to lose their appetites.

The legality of the ruling of the Board of Health, requiring the tuberculin test, was tested in the courts and went up to the supreme court, which sustained the Board of Health and held that the rule was not an unreasonable one.

In the meantime, however, the people began to get over their scare. The health officials found that really very few cows were affected, and that those which did show symptoms of the disease under the test were generally only slightly affected. Rarely has a case been found where the disease was sufficiently generalized to indicate either the possibility or probability of the milk being infected. The dairymen have come to a better understanding of the tuberculin test and its advantages.

The Board of Health has been very conservative in administering the law, using persuasion rather than force, and antagonism to the ordinance is gradually subsiding. When the exaggerations and misunderstandings are sifted out, the dairymen will no doubt be glad to avail themselves of the tuberculin test to protect their herds from infected animals.

The subject is a comparatively new one to the farmers and dairymen of the West, and it is not surprising that they should be a little skeptical on a subject that has been introduced in so sensational a manner. In Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, where the campaign against tuberculosis has been most vigorously waged and where hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in trying to stamp it out, the advocates of the indiscriminate application of the tuberculin test and the destruc-

tion of all animals that react, are growing less every day.

Mr. N. J. Bachelder, secretary of the New Hampshire Cattle Commission, in an address before the farmers of Massachusetts, claimed that good sanitary conditions would do more than anything else to prevent the spread of the disease and to cure many cattle already affected. He said:

"One of the most potent agents in the destruction of the germ is sunlight, and more of this health-giving agency should be invited into our cattle-stables. It costs little and has other healthful effects in addition to its power over the tubercle bacillus. The cattle-stalls should be arranged on the sunny side of the stable and be well provided with windows. We have on various occasions studied the effect of dark, damp stables, and have almost invariably found the disease in opposite conditions. We have in mind an instance where a tuberculous animal, quite advanced with the disease, was kept in a herd of twenty-five cattle for two years after the disease was noticed, and upon applying the tuberculin test to the entire herd this badly diseased cow was the only one that responded. The reason that none others had contracted the disease was the fact that the sanitary conditions of the stable were first-class, and a spot as large as a person's hand would not be found in the entire stable where the sun's rays did not penetrate. Open up the dark, damp, dingy stables and let in heaven's pure sunlight, and there will be less tuberculosis."

In concluding his address, which, by the way, was heartily endorsed by men who are thoroughly familiar with the subject. He said:

"We believe a campaign of education along sanitary lines will accomplish more than a universal use of the tuberculin test. There are hundreds of cattle slightly affected with the germs of the disease that will never develop sufficiently to cause harm to man or animals, if proper sanitary measures are observed. How this can be secured I am not able to say, but it presents the most important phase of the question for the practical suppression of bovine tuberculosis today. There are doubtless some herds which are so saturated with the disease that only the tuberculin test will meet the case, and where this should be applied is a serious and important question for the cattle commission to determine. We assert: 1. A herd of healthy cattle may be divided into two lots and a tuberculous animal introduced into each lot. One lot kept without measures advocated in this address will, inside of three years, develop seventy-five per cent of tuberculous cattle, and the other lot, with sanitary measures well enforced, may come out at the end of three years uncontaminated. 2. A lot of cattle that have reacted to the tuberculin test, but manifesting no physical symptoms of the disease, may be kept for years under perfect sanitary conditions and a large percentage will never develop the disease sufficiently to cause any harm, and some will be cured."

Where the tuberculin test is used and animals are found to be infected, it should be remembered that thorough cleansing and disinfection of the premises are just as necessary as the removal of infected animals. Any system of inspection which provides for the destruction of the infected animals, unless supplemented by thorough disinfection of the premises, better sanitary conditions and a re-inspection and test of all animals that have been exposed, is a farce. Dairymen and farmers are the ones most deeply interested in this matter, as those who care for their cows in the stable are a hundred-fold more liable to infection from tuberculous animals than those who use

the milk. Healthy men or animals under good sanitary conditions are proof against the disease germs.

NOT A SPENCERIAN HAND.

The *Pacific Lumber Trade Journal*, of Seattle, Wash., says that Thomas Sanders, an influential business man of Fremont, cannot read his own handwriting. Not long ago, says the *Journal*, Mr. Verd, his partner, came down to Fremont to consult with Sanders about certain correspondence, and he had occasion to ask the latter for a copy of the latest letter.

It seems that Sanders had written the letter in a hurry, and when Mr. Verd made his request he had certain misgivings about his penmanship, but he didn't say anything and produced the copy-book. Mr. Verd put on his spectacles and started in. The first two or three lines were lucid enough, but a cloud on Verd's brow apprised Sanders that a snag had been struck. Mr. Verd went over the first part of the letter several times, and at last said:

"Tom, what in the world are those lines?"

"Let me see," said Sanders, and the copy-book was passed over. Thereupon he started in, but when he came to the middle of the letter he was all at sea. He couldn't read his own writing; so he turned to Verd and said:

"I can't make it out myself; but then, what's the difference? It's the other fellows business to make out what it means, not ours."

But the best story is told by Sanders himself. Several years ago, needing some hardware for one of his logging-camps, he wrote to the Gordon Hardware Co. of Seattle for the same, requesting them to send the goods up immediately, as they were needed. The goods did not arrive, however, and, after waiting three days, Sanders jumped on a train and came to Seattle to investigate. He hid himself to the Gordon Hardware Co.'s store. George B. Adair, who is now in business for himself, was manager of the store, and to him Sanders addressed himself.

"Where are those goods? Why don't you send them up to the camp? Do we owe you anything? Ain't our credit good?" said he, rapidly.

"What goods?" inquired Adair.

"That order I sent the other day," retorted Sanders.

"Oh, that was an order, was it?" queried Adair, as his brow cleared.

"Certainly," said Sanders.

"Well, that's funny," said Adair. "The bookkeeper and I tried to decipher the thing for two days, but could make nothing out of it."

"Nonsense!" said Sanders. "If your employees can't read English you ought to fire them."

"Don't you believe it," retorted Adair. "If you can read it yourself you are a good one."

Thereupon he produced the order, and Sanders looked it over carefully. But he couldn't read his own writing. After a half-hour's attempt, he gave it up; and he was actually compelled to go back to the camp to find out what was needed!

SELL THE CALF.

The Colfax (Wash.) *Gazette* tells a pitiful tale of Gideon Kent; how he became filled with a yearning for office and sold his cow, borrowed a pass, and "lit out" for Olympia with hopes high. His cow-money began to wane, and still his hopes were deferred. The pass expired. Things went on from bad to worse—until the governor denounced the middle-of-the-roads as "grafters." The split came, and Gideon had no office. It was then that he gave up in despair and wrote a letter to his wife. It expressed his entire hopelessness. It was to the point. It read as follows:

"Dear Jane.—Sell the calf; I want to cum hoam. Gid."



The Northwestern Coal Co. is adding another 300-foot extension to its big coal docks at West Superior.

The location of the best-sugar factory at Merrillan by the Northwestern Beet Sugar Company, in consideration of a bonus of 25,000 acres of Jackson County lands, is now an assured fact. It is announced that \$500,000 of the \$600,000 capital stock has been subscribed, most of it being held by Eastern men. The contract for the plant, it is reported, has been let to Cincinnati parties, and the work of construction is to be completed by Oct. 1.

The new steel freighter "Constitution," of the Inter-lake Transit Company's line, was launched April 21 at the yards of the American Steel Barge Company in West Superior. This is the first attempt of the American Steel Barge Company of Superior to build any modern carrier that is not of the regular "whaleback" type. Hereafter the company will be in the field to compete with the other shipyards of the lakes on all open contracts. The Constitution has a length of 379 feet over all, a molded breadth of forty-four feet and a molded depth of twenty-six feet. On sixteen feet of water she will be capable of taking the immense cargo of 5,180 net or 4,825 gross tons—or a cargo of 172,900 bushels of wheat.

Minnesota.

Rochester's public library building will be built of pressed brick and brown stone, and cost \$15,000.

Austin will have a normal school and also a commercial school. A building will be constructed at a cost of \$5,000.

Grain elevators are to be constructed in Raymond, Farmington and at Mantorville, and a flour-mill is in store for Perham.

Winnebago has voted bonds to erect a \$17,000 high school building, and Alexandria is going to put up a new \$14,000 schoolhouse.

The Duluth ship canal is to be widened. The pier will be extended 500 feet on each side, the total cost being estimated at \$400,000.

Fairmont's Congregational Society will build a \$10,000 church, and the Swedish-Lutheran Society of Moorhead is going to erect a \$6,000 one.

Seeding is in full blast now. In some sections it was finished two weeks ago. Now look forward to big crops next fall. They are sure to follow.

Wadena's recent fire, which burned a lot of wooden store buildings, may prove a good thing for the town, as the burnt territory will now be covered with substantial brick blocks. There will be lively building operations there this summer—lots of work for masons, carpenters, etc.

The Fergus Falls Journal says that prospects for a large amount of building in that town were never better than at present, and if one-half the buildings that are now being planned materialize, the town will enjoy a veritable boom the coming summer. A new schoolhouse is among the projected improvements.

The sugar-beet factories proposed for this State would give that industry a start that nothing could stop save total failure; and, in view of the fact that Minnesota soil is known to be adapted to the cultivation of such beets, a failure would never result from lack of a root supply. The enterprise needs large capital and expert management, but both will be forthcoming at the proper time. More is said on this subject in our "Settlement and Enterprise" department.

North Dakota.

A \$4,000 schoolhouse is to be built in Towner.

Grand Forks is talking of a \$21,000 electric-light plant.

A contract has been made for a new court-house in Pierce County.

Langdon parties are talking of building a much-needed public hall for amusement purposes. The en-

terprising citizens there are tired of seeing good theatrical companies pass them in somber silence.

The Lisbon cheese factory will spend \$6,000 among local farmers for milk this season.

Grafton boasts of having the first public library in the State. The enterprise began last year. At the present time the funds received amount to \$800.

The woolen-mills at Grand Forks have secured a large order from a wholesale house in the Twin Cities. Sixty hands now find steady employment in this successful factory.

Bottineau is holding her own in the line of building improvements. Several new blocks are going up, among them being a fine brick hotel and the new Bottineau Courant building.

Grafton's mill shipped ten car-loads of flour over the Northern Pacific to Glasgow, Scotland, recently. It is said to be the first installment of twenty-five car-loads that have already been ordered. This is enterprise.

The Sheyenne flour-mills are enjoying a good business, orders for several car-loads of flour having been received recently from abroad. One car-load will be shipped to Portland, Ore., and thence to the Orient.—*Valley City Times-Record*.

The State anticipates prosperous times for 1897. Seeding is well under way or entirely completed, and the abundance of moisture will insure rapid growth and a great yield. There may be a few unfortunates as the result of the unusual spring flood, but with these exceptions there will be little or no cause for croaking in North Dakota this year.

South Dakota.

It is reported that the Collins Gold Mining Co. will erect a ten-stamp mill at Rapid City. It is right in the line of present developments in the Black Hills District.

The State has not suffered materially from flood depredations, and seeding has gone ahead rapidly. Ample time will be given grain in which to mature, and the general moisture of the soil will make a big crop almost certain.

Evidence of improved business conditions throughout the State is seen in the projection of new enterprises and lively building operations in nearly all the towns. The year seems to hold fair prospects for every section of South Dakota.

John L. Lockhart, commissioner of school and public lands for South Dakota, has just sold 1,100 acres of land in Fall River County in the Black Hills for \$10 an acre, the Edgemont Company being the purchasers. The land lies near Edgemont and is under the company's mammoth irrigating ditch. This company is doing more to develop Black Hills resources than any other association of men in the district. It has unbounded faith in the future of Edgemont and its large enterprises.

A correspondent says that the largest mining venture ever inaugurated in the Black Hills is drawing rapidly to a successful climax. A large English company has secured control of nearly 500 acres of mining ground between the celebrated Homestake possessions, Poorman Gulch and Deadwood Creek. This ground will include the Golden Crown, Golden Summit, Durango, Harrison, Cheyenne, Grants and Bingham properties. A 200-stamp plant will be erected at Belle Fourche. The new company will sink, and undoubtedly catch one of the largest and richest ore bodies ever revealed on this wealth-bearing gold-belt. A good deal of outside capital has recently sought investment in that region, and Black Hills people are encouraged correspondingly.

Montana.

The Montana Stucco Co. has resumed operations at Kibbey on a larger scale than ever.

A correspondent of this magazine speaks very flatly of the outlook in the Yahk District.

The Diamond E. Mining Co. is arranging to build a 100-ton concentrator for the reduction of ore.

The Merchants' National Bank, of Helena, of which L. H. Herschfeld was president, will open its doors again in the near future. This will be good news for the whole Northwest.

An exchange says: "The miners of Madison County are rejoicing over the prospects that the Northern Pacific Railway Company will build from Whitehall to the vicinity of Twin Bridges this spring. The railroad is taking up some of its light rails and replacing

them with heavy ones required by the larger engines. These light rails can be relaid on the Twin Bridges branch."

The Butte Miner says: "Everything points to the belief that there will be more building in Butte this season than ever before. You cannot go in any direction without seeing new buildings going up."

Dillon is going to have a new hotel that will rank with the best in the State. The Examiner says that "nothing short of another financial panic can prevent a most prosperous season in that locality. Every sign is favorable for a good year."

Eugene B. Braden, assayer in charge of the United States assay office at Helena, thinks that prospects are good for the mining industry in Montana this year. Business has been increasing to such an extent as to warrant the building of additional furnaces in the Braden sampling works on Grand Street, Helena.

The fact that the production of gold, silver, lead and copper in Montana amounted to fully \$40,000,000 in 1896, ought alone to convince the most skeptical that there is no need of crying hard times in Montana. This single production would, if divided, give over \$200 to every man, woman and child in the State.—*Butte Western Mining World*.

The Montana Mining & Milling Co., better known as the Drum Lummond Company, is erecting a mammoth cyanide plant on its property three miles south of Marysville, for the purpose of working the rich tailings of the now pinched-out mine. These tailings are said to be worth several millions of dollars. This will be a good thing for Marysville.

According to the Helena Independent there is a rich copper district about four miles west of Wolf Creek Station on the Montana Central Railroad, thirty-eight miles north of Helena. The Independent says that the whole region seems full of a conglomerate which is identical with the copper region of Lake Superior, where the Calumet & Hecla and all the best mines are found in a kind of porphyry conglomerate or amygdaloid. The copper in the conglomerate is found surrounding and even penetrating porphyry pebbles from the size of a pin-head to four or five inches thick. If the porphyry conglomerate is as rich as it appears to be in copper, Wolf Creek promises to be a second Butte. The Boston & Montana Company has bonded and is working several properties on the south side of Wolf Creek. Ore three feet in width and assaying \$2,000 per ton has been found recently in the Gladstone Creek region, which is a tributary to Wolf Creek.

Idaho.

Kendrick is to have a saw-mill and box factory.

The Consolidated Tiger-Poorman mill at Burke is treating about 230 tons of ore every twenty-four hours.

The Boise assay office has received nearly \$7,000 worth of bullion from the Bonanza mine at Baker City.

The Toledo mine at Florence reports a strike which assays \$1,200 gold per ton. A depth of fifty feet has been reached.

The Helena & Frisco Mining Company has filed its new articles of incorporation with the State secretary. The capital stock has been increased to \$1,250,000.

A very rich strike was made recently in the Eureka claim near Murray. While doing development work a streak of almost pure gold was found. If it does not prove to be a pocket, the scramble to the North Fork Country will be a lively one.

Lewiston Valley talks for itself. Every visitor is delighted with its splendid climate and glorious prospects for rapid growth. We can make room for any one of a dozen new industries, and all will thrive in the progress of new developments.—*Lewiston Teller*.

According to a Lewiston paper, the new Weiser, Idaho & Spokane Railroad is attracting a great deal of favorable attention along the proposed route. It is to run from Lewiston to Payette, about 300 miles. It is said that a contract has been let for the first forty-five miles of the road to Wilkerson & Reagh of Salt Lake, and the work is to be begun at once and completed in six months. The first and main objective point to the road is the Seven Devils Mining District, with the ultimate purpose of supplying a route to bisect the State, reach the great mining camps of Central Idaho, open the fertile valleys and timber resources of the interior and afford connection between the now dissociated northern and southern sections of the State.

Oregon.

The Pacific can factory at Astoria turned out 23,000,000 cans last year, 8,000,000 of which were shipped to the

Sound. The superintendent says he expects to manufacture more cans this year than last. The company paid \$22,000 duty on tin plate on April 1.

It is reported that the lumber industry in the Blue Mountains will experience a revival of activity the present season that will cause a greater output than that of any previous year. The mountains will be filled with laborers, and the big mills in Perry and in Five Points will be taxed to their fullest capacity.

Arrangements have been completed whereby the mine formerly worked by the Bradley Mining Company, at Sanger, southeast of Union, will be operated this year on a more extensive scale than ever. The mine has been idle for the last year. It ranks with the best in Union County, and in the past has produced over \$1,000,000 worth of bullion.—*The Dulles Times-Mountaineer*.

The largest orchard in Union County is situated about three miles northwest of Union, and is owned by W. T. Wright, says the *Union Republican*. Mr. Wright began planting his orchard a few years ago, and today has growing thereon 14,250 trees, as follows: 10,000 prune, 3,000 apple, 1,000 cherry and twenty-five pear trees. And he is preparing to plant 4,000 more trees this spring. When these are planted the orchard will occupy an entire 160-acre tract.

C. M. Fassett, who was sent to Baker City, Ore., to examine and report on a gold property for a Chicago syndicate, speaks of properties there as follows: "The Virtue mine is down 800 feet, seventy-five men are employed, and quartz enough is being taken from the mine to keep the 20-stamp mill in operation. It is reported in Baker City that \$800,000 has been taken from the mine within a year. The Flagstaff mine is owned by a French syndicate. The mine shows 3,000 feet of development. The shaft is down 700 feet. The owners have expended a large amount of money in developing the property, which at present is equipped with ten stamps, and ten more will be added soon. It is a fine plant. The ore body is continuous, and a large amount of ore can be stoped with present developments. The district, as a whole, is one of the substantial gold-producing sections of the country. There is no boom and no excitement."

Washington.

Seattle is to have a condensed-milk factory.

The Big Bend flouring-mills at Davenport are running day and night shifts.

The Puget Sound Lumber Co., of Port Gamble, shipped 221,500 shingles to South Africa recently.

The pall and tub factory of Ocosta has been running steadily for the past few weeks and the output has been enormous.

A new directory of Seattle, including Ballard and other suburban settlements, gives a population of about 67,000 people.

The Newton & Banes Cannery Co. has begun the work of construction on the new cannery at Chuckanut, says the *New Whatcom Blade*.

The Spokane *Spokesman-Review* thinks there can be no doubt that the Colville Indian Reservation will be a rival of the Rossland District inside of three years.

The Tacoma *Ledger* says that the largest shingle-mill in the world will be in operation in Tacoma about May 1. The capacity will be 600,000 shingles per day of ten hours.

Snohomish is becoming a shingle manufacturing town. With the mills now in operation and those under construction the output will be about 600,000 shingles a day.

Ten copper claims in the Marshall District, Pierce County, thirty miles south of Tacoma, have been bonded to Denver men for \$175,000. Big development work will follow.

The Fairhaven Cannery Co. is putting in a cannery plant at Fairhaven with a capacity of about 10,000 salmon daily. Fifty to seventy-five men will be employed at the cannery and in fishing.

Fish buyers at Aberdeen have paid since Aug. 1, 1896, over \$80,000 for fish. More fish have been shipped this year than ever before, and it is expected to be the best year ever had in the business. A large trade is being established at Spokane, Rossland, and in the north-eastern part of the State.

If anyone has an idea that Whatcom is retrograding or that times are not improving, they would be startled by the late residence record. One party had a house in a favorable situation to rent, and there were

nearly a score of applicants in a very short time. Numerous new houses are either building or to be started shortly.—*Whatcom Reveller*.

At Walla Walla three brick buildings are to be erected, several homes are being built in the residence portion and the city's streets are being graded, all of which gives the town an air of prosperity.

The Spokane match factory, which was started in December, has a capacity of fifty cases per day. In each case there are five gross, or sixty packages, each containing 1,200 matches. Thus the factory can turn out 3,600,000 matches per day.

The governor has approved the bill appropriating \$15,000 for building a wagon-road from Wenatchee up the west side of the Columbia River to the mouth of the Methow, thence up the west side of this stream to the mouth of the Twisp. This will open up and make accessible a very rich mineral zone.

Canadian Northwest

The Trail smelter as it now stands has a treating capacity of 500 tons of ore each day.

Metallurgical tin has been discovered on the north fork of the Salmon River. This is a rare discovery in any mineral country, and is the first instance of the kind in Kootenai.

The Idaho mine, in the Slocan Country, recently paid another \$20,000 dividend, making a total of \$152,000 to date. Of this amount, \$120,000 has been paid during the past six months.

A Rat Portage, Ont., paper says that the opera-house block is assuming lofty proportions and will be one of the handsomest and best buildings of its kind in the Canadian Northwest.

The Rat Portage Miner Company is now publishing a live and exceedingly well patronized daily. May it grow strong and prosper.

It is said that the Rainy River railway connecting Port Arthur with Fort Francis, some 160 or 170 miles in all, will be bonused by the Ontario government \$3,000 per mile—the statutory limit.

Dauphin, the newest town in Manitoba, is very lively. Although the first lot was sold on Oct. 7, 1896, there are now over a hundred buildings in the town, and more are going up constantly.

The Hall Mines smelter at Nelson will soon be in a position to treat 350 tons of crude ore per day, and within six weeks the management of the company expects to be able to furnish that amount from the company's own mine.

The C. P. R. is about to commence the building of a new steamer to run on the Columbia River in B. C. The vessel will be 175 feet long, with a beam of twenty-eight feet. The power capacity will enable the steamer to make the round trip between Robson and Arrowhead in one day.

The result of the first week's work on the twenty-stamp mill at the Foley mine in Ontario consisted of three gold bricks worth over \$3,000. These bricks are the product of 240 tons of quartz taken from two shafts. It was a very satisfactory run and will help to fortify public confidence in that district.

Premier Greenway of Manitoba believes the coming summer will produce a large crop of wheat in Canada, especially in Manitoba. He says that seeding is being carried on extensively and that good progress is being made. There is sufficient moisture in the soil, he believes, to last through the summer season. Emigration is quite active and lands are in demand at fair values. Manitoba is a growing Province, certain to increase in wealth and population with each new year.

Half-Rate to Chattanooga.

B. Y. P. U. Convention. The Monon Route sells tickets for one fare for the round trip, \$17.30, July 13, 14 and 15, returning August 15, inclusive. A good chance to visit the Chattanooga National Park, Look-out Mountain, Nashville Centennial and Mammoth Cave. Tickets good via Louisville or Cincinnati. L. E. Sessions, T. P. A., Minneapolis. F. J. Reed, G. P. A., Chicago.

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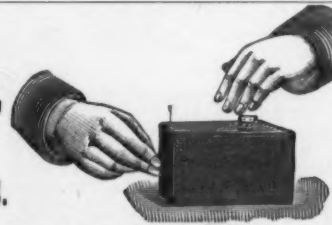
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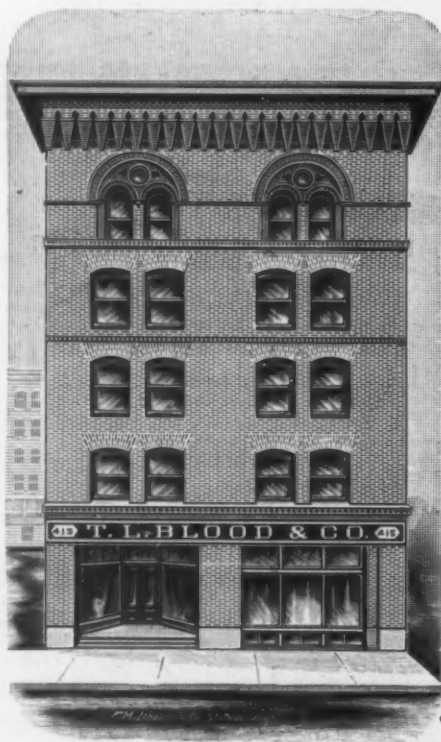
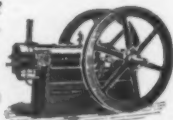
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After many days without sunshine,
Through the flood and just over the grip,
It's now time to buy watches and diamonds;
Come, listen, I'll give you a tip.

If you want to buy a watch or a diamond I will save you 50 per cent on any kind of a watch, and from 30 to 40 per cent on diamonds. In diamonds we have in stock almost everything that is carried in that line: rings, ear-knobs and ear-rings, collar buttons, studs, bracelets, sleeve buttons, brooches, scarf pins, charms, etc., that are rejuvenated, remounted, repolished and renewed and as bright and fresh and clean and perfect as the day they were manufactured; all miscellaneous goods in the same condition; we save you in sewing machines 65 to 70 per cent, in typewriters 50 per cent, in music boxes 75 per cent, in opera glasses, etc., etc., 50 per cent. We will describe a few articles in diamonds, watches and other goods to give you an idea what you can save by buying at Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$90.00, cost \$135.00—No. L 1363—Diamond bracelet; the design is unique and artistic; light and graceful Roman old gold mounting; 12 pure white diamonds. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$65.00, cost \$100.00—No. L 520—Two-stone diamond and emerald ring; diamond weighs 3/4 carat, perfect and white, with a fine emerald of the same size mounted in light, fashionable setting. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$40.00, cost \$75.00—No. 6523—Snake ring, with 3 heads; new design; polished gold, ruby eyes, nice white diamond in each head. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$125.00, cost \$235.00—No. 6522—A lady's ring, 1 1/4 carats; very fine emerald, surrounded by pure white brilliant diamonds; mounting is a light Tiffany. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$50.00, cost \$85.00—No. 1459—Solitaire engagement ring; diamond weighs 1 carat, blue-white, perfect, brilliant stone in light Tiffany mounting; another solitaire for \$100.00, cost \$180.00; pure white, perfect, beautiful, stone, light Tiffany mounting. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$28.00, cost \$45.00—No. 1370—Beautiful Hungarian opal surrounded by diamonds, mounted very pretty and graceful. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$13.00, cost \$28.00—No. 1530—Solitaire; weighs 3/4 carat, brilliant, white and perfect; fashionable light mounting. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$18.00, cost \$35.00—No. 1160—Lady's marquise ring; double emerald center, surrounded by ten brilliant diamonds. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$30.00, cost \$55.00—No. 7000—A very pretty lady's ring; design is a double three-leaf clover, or shamrock, 3 real emeralds in one leaf and three diamonds set in the other; mounted very light and graceful. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$40.00, cost \$65.00—No. 1131—Little finger ring, with three beautiful, perfect, white, sparkling diamonds; tiny, graceful Tiffany mounting. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$40.00, cost \$75.00—No. 1525—Five-stone lady's diamond ring; diamonds run diagonally across the finger; half-round wire mounting; very neat and pretty. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$30.00, cost \$65.00—No. 1230—Three-stone ring, two diamonds and an emerald center; princess mounting; a beauty. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$125.00, cost \$225.00—No. 1373—Hungarian opal, as handsome one as you ever saw; perfectly round, surrounded by pure white, brilliant, perfect diamond gems. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$12.00, cost \$28.00—No. 1644—A lady's ring; a beauty; 3/4 carat diamond, brilliant; twisted wire, very handsome mounting. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$30.00, cost \$65.00—Lady's ring; three very fine turquoise, surrounded by fine white diamonds; richly and fashionably mounted. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$15.00, cost \$35.00—No. 1524—Handsome snake ring, two heads; gracefully wrought mounting; ruby eyes, with a brilliant diamond in each serpent's head; at Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$100.00, cost \$185.00—No. 2518—Beautiful two-stone diamond and ruby ring; the ruby is an Oriental, a beautiful shade of pink; perfect; weighs 1 carat; the diamond about the same size; mounted up, plain and rich; at Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$65.00, cost \$125.00—No. 6537—Gentleman's or lady's ring; magnificent Oriental sapphire; weighs 3 carats; surrounded by beautiful white diamonds; Tiffany mounting; at Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$75.00, cost \$125.00—No. 7502—Solitaire; old gold; Tiffany swell mounting; diamond weighs 1 1/4 carats; perfect white, brilliant stone; at Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$35.00, cost \$55.00—No. 1526—Two-stone diamond ring; diamond and emerald; diamond weighs 3/4 carat; emerald same size; mounted in light Tiffany; a very pretty ring; at Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$65.00, cost \$150.00—No. 1521—Two-stone diamond ring; the two diamonds weigh about 1 1/4 carats; nicely matched; deep, finely cut; perfect and brilliant; fashionable wire mounting; at Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$145.00, cost \$225.00—Perfect crystal gem; weighs 1 1/4 carats; mounted in old gold; 4-prong; late fashion in mounting; at Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$250.00, cost \$400.00—No. 1505—Gentleman's diamond ring, mounted in 4-prong old gold; Tiffany swell; the stone is round, perfectly proportioned, brilliant and good color; weighs a trifle less than 4 carats; at Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$375.00, cost \$600.00—Lady's diamond ear-knobs; stones are perfectly matched; first-class, perfect white, brilliant goods; weigh nearly 5 carats; at Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1. And a thousand other rings to choose from.

\$300.00, cost \$550.00—Diamond sun-burst; studded with the most magnificent blue-white diamonds; combination; this is a beautiful piece; at Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$14.00, cost \$35.00—Diamond and pearl brooch; very handsome and fashionable. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$35.00, cost \$70.00—Diamond stud; mounted in old gold; brilliant white stone; weighs 3/4 carat; other diamond studs from \$2.50 to \$250; a nice line of scarf pins of different designs, studded with diamonds, rubies, opals, etc. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

WATCHES.

Ladies' and gentlemen's gold and filled watches.

\$20.00, cost \$35.00—Lady's hunting, gold watch; case artistically engraved with landscape and birds; solid, 14k good heavy case, jeweled Elgin movement, pendant set; remember all watches are as perfect as when they were first made and will be warranted for time. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$30.00, cost \$65.00—Fine lady's watch, Louis XIV, 14k, case is an artistic satin finish of different colors of gold; extra heavy; the movement is Waltham, jeweled; gold box Damascus finish; this is a beauty and cannot be told from an entirely new watch. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$65.00, cost \$125.00—Lady's watch, studded with 16 diamonds, extra heavy, satin finish, gold case, pendant set, finest nickel Waltham movement; perfect in every way and a beauty. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$16.00, cost \$28.00—Lady's watch, hunting filled twenty-five-year case, set with fine, brilliant diamond, high grade Elgin movement, pendant set, perfect and modern in every way. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$35.00, cost \$65.00—Lady's watch, solid 14k, cases, studded with four pure white diamonds, plain satin finish center, with embossed edges. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$15.00, cost \$25.00—Lady's chatelaine watch, open face, artistic dial, ruby jewelled, nickel movement, a little beauty. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$0.00, cost \$22.00—High-grade filled case hunting lady's watch, jeweled Elgin movement, pendant set; warranted first-class in every respect. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$20.00, cost \$50.00—Solid gold, handsomely engraved hunting case, 16 size, Rookford movement, set jewels; the gold in the case is worth what we ask for the watch. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$38.00, cost \$70.00—Open face, perfectly smooth, solid 14k, 14 size, Elgin nickel movement, ruby jewelled, artistic decorated dial; this watch is strictly modern, without a scratch; warranted A No. 1 timepiece. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$45.00, cost \$100.00—Gentleman's gold watch, hunting, 18-k, heavy case, with high-grade B. W. Raymond Elgin adjusted; cannot be beat as a timepiece on the railroad. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

Gent's watches - \$5.25, cost \$20.00—No. 1476, hunting filled case, Hampden nickel movement, 17 jewels, patent regulator, warranted a perfect timepiece. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$6.00, cost \$18—Open-face, filled case, jewelled Elgin movement; will be warranted as a timepiece. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$25.00, cost \$45.00—Open face, Dueber 14-k, filled, high-grade Elgin movement, pendant set, Damascus finish, adjusted to heat and cold; 17 jewels, set in gold boxes, ruby palate, patent regulator; this will make a great railroad watch, as it is a hair splitter for time. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$15.00, can't be bought today for less than \$35.00—Hunting filled case, Dueber, handsomely wrought and engraved; jewels, nickel movement, and very handsome as well as durable, and in perfect order and a fine timepiece. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

This is only a few of our large stock of watches.

\$90.00, cost \$250.00—Gentleman's gold watch; a nickel Howard hunting, 18-k, 65 pwt., engine turned case; the movement alone is worth \$116.00; this watch has never been carried but very little; there isn't a scratch or mar on it; it is the highest grade and highest price watch made in America and warranted to run within a second a month. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

We have some fine gold filled vest chains, a variety of patterns, that retail from \$5.00 to \$10.00, that we sell for \$2.50 cash; a number of lady's gold filled chains, modern styles, solid gold slides, that retail for \$12.00, price \$6.00. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$5.00, cost \$12.00—Pearl and gold imported French opera glass, in fine condition. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$6.00, cost \$15.00—Fine French Lemaire opera glass, gold trimmed, smoked pearl, perfect. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$12.50, cost \$30.00—Fine lady's opera glass, white pearl, gold trimmed, elegant gold-plated holder, silk plush case, perfect every way; several other very fine opera glasses hand-painted and aluminum, with beautiful holders and cases, for less than one-half they can be bought for. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

Plain gold 18-k wedding rings; we sell at retail at a discount of 35 per cent below regular retail price. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

For \$7.50 I will sell you a cluster, imitation diamond ring; the diamonds are manufactured out of pure carbon in France, the center stone is a doublet, a perfect imitation of emerald or turquoise; the mounting is solid gold, no one but an expert can detect that it is an imitation, and he must have a good opportunity to examine it with a glass, etc. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$30.00, cost \$65.00—An almost entirely new "Singer" sewing machine, light oak wood work, attachments and everything complete, warranted in perfect order. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$15.00, cost \$30.00—Domestic sewing machine, walnut trimming, perfect order, all the attachments, warranted to give perfect satisfaction. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$18.00, cost \$35.00—New Home, dark oak trimming, all attachments and warranted in perfect order. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$15.00, cost \$35—An elaborate swinging ice pitcher, water bowl and goblet, gold lined, pitcher porcelain lined, extra large size, beautifully decorated, the best quadruple plate of silver, nickel body, in perfect condition. At Lytle's 411 Robert street, Room 1.

A number of music boxes for one-third of their value. \$150.00, cost \$350.00—One of the finest extension top, platform spring, two-seated carriages in St. Paul, made to order by E. W. Hallowell; it is in the very best condition, trimmings are number 1, beveled glass, silver plated lamps, extra easy running and a very comfortable carriage to ride in. At Lytle's 411 Robert street, Room 1.

Money to loan on watches, diamonds, bicycles, typewriters, furs and all goods of value; goods sent to parties living outside of the city C. O. D. with privilege of examination. At Lytle's Loan Office and Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, opposite the Ryan hotel.

Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert Street, St. Paul, Minn.



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Woven Wire Seat and Back.
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Can give best reference.
OLD VIOLINS REPAIRED
AT REASONABLE PRICES.
Weak tones strengthened, and faulty tones taken out. New Violins, my own make, \$25 to \$100. Estimates given on application. Old Violins taken in exchange for new ones at fair prices.
O. M. ROBINSON,
230 First Ave. S., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

FISHING IN THE COLUMBIA.—A curious plan for catching fish is used on the Columbia River in Oregon and Washington. A number of wheels are set up in the middle of the stream, which, as they turn round, catch up the fish and cast them into troughs by the river banks. The salmon are then tinned and sent all over the world. As much as five tons' weight of fish a day has thus been taken.

WATER THAT PETRIFIES.—It is reported that Humphrey's Creek, a small mountain stream near Rapid City, S. D., has the peculiar property of petrifying everything that is allowed to remain any length of time in its waters. Near Sturgis, and running up the steep bluffs, is a strip of rock-strewn land on which are innumerable pieces of petrified wood, logs, etc. It is a rich field for specimen hunters.

WHERE HORSES AND DOGS ARE VALUABLE.—Horses are valuable in Alaska. They are driven up over the divide from the Canadian plains, and then have to be transported eight to sixteen miles by water. The freight on them for this distance is forty cents a pound; so that a 1,000-pound horse gets to be worth \$1 a pound by the time he nears a place where he can be of good service. A good strong dog is valued at \$75.

A PREHISTORIC TOOTH.—A miner in the Virtue mining district, near Baker City, Or., made an important discovery a few days ago. It was not a rich quartz ledge this time, but the tooth of some prehistoric monster that used to ramble around the sage-brush plains of Oregon ages before Noah was a sailor. The tooth weighs eighteen and one-half pounds and measures nine inches in length and 5x3 inches across its face. A few years ago some bones belonging to some extinct animal were found in the same section, and this tooth may possibly be a part of the same animal.

CHECKING THE LAMBS.—P. I. Moule, the well-known flock-master of Bercaill, is said to have evolved an idea that may be useful to other sheepmen during lambing operations. Its purpose is to restore lost lambs to their mothers, and it is arranged on the baggage-check plan. He has two sets of numbers, printed on pasteboard tags, which are tied around the necks of the ewes and lambs, the number on the lamb corresponding with that of its mother. The device is said to work to perfection and there is a large demand for the tags.—*Billings (Mont.) Gazette.*

REINDER FOR THE YUKON.—Twenty reindeer will be brought down to the Yukon River gold-fields this year. Dogs have been the chief reliance of the miners for the transportation of their packs across the snow-covered areas. Horses, too, have found their way into the great valley, and have proven almost beyond value. Now comes the beast of burden par excellence—the animal designed by nature to travel over those vast wastes, and with tireless activity aid in their development. If the proposed experiment proves successful it will be contrary to the predictions of many and will be a grand reward for the work of a few enthusiasts.

FREE CURE FOR MEN.

A Michigan Man Offers to Send His Discovery Free Claims to be a Benefactor to Weakened Mankind.

There is always more or less suspicion attached to anything that is offered free, but sometimes a man so overflows with generosity that he cannot rest until his discovery is known to the world, in order that his fellow men may profit by what he has discovered. It is upon this principle that a resident of Kalamazoo, Mich., desires to send free to mankind a prescription which will cure them of any form of nervous debility; relieves them of all the doubt and uncertainty which such men are peculiarly liable to and restores the organs to natural size and vigor. As it costs nothing to try the experiment it would seem that any man, suffering with the nervous troubles that usually attack men who never stopped to realize what might be the final result, ought to be deeply interested in a remedy which will restore them to health, strength and vigor, without which they continue to live an existence of untold misery. As the remedy in question was the result of many years' research as to what combination would be peculiarly effective in restoring to men the strength they need, it would seem that all men suffering from any form of nervous weakness ought to write for such a remedy at once. A request to H. C. Olds, Box 1802, Kalamazoo, Mich., stating that you are not sending for the prescription out of idle curiosity, but that you wish to make use of the medicine by giving it a trial, will be answered promptly and without evidence as to where information came from.

The prescription is sent free, and although some may wonder how Mr. Olds can afford to give away his discovery, there is no doubt about the offer being genuine. Cut this out and send to Mr. Olds, so that he may know how you came to write him.

Prof. I. HUBERT'S MALVINA CREAM

For Beautifying the Complexion. Removes all Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Pimples, Lumps, and other imperfections. Not covering but removing all blemishes, and permanently restoring the complexion to its original freshness. For sale at Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. Use MALVINA ICHTHYOL SOAP 25 Cents a Tube.

Prof. I. Hubert
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All Thread or Fabric in Cotton, Wool, Silk or linen for Emb. work, Emb. Books, Stamping Powders, Crochet Moulds, Lustrous Crochet Threads; largest variety in the city, also all Cross-Stitch Emb. Materials. Send stamp for price-list. PETER BENDER, (ESTABLISHED 1890.) 111 East 9th St., N. Y.



ALL FOR 10c. Ladies send to us if you wish the biggest value and best satisfaction on a package elegant Silk Remnants (new and beautiful) 25c grand pieces 1 yard Silk Ribbon, 3 yards 5c. Lace and pretty Gold Plated Band Ring with big Catalogue of genuine bargains in everything, all mailed complete only 10 Cents. Address New York Importing Co., P. O. Box 1356, New York.

Don't Stop Tobacco

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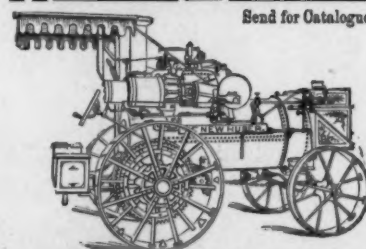
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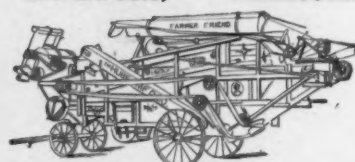
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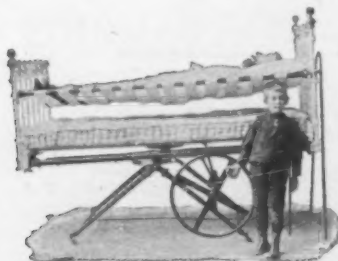


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NOT TYPICAL, BUT INTERESTING.

The recent wedding of Myrtle Morrison, of South Dakota, the famous Nowlin County girl bronco-buster, and Frank Dupree, a part-blood Sioux, created quite a sensation among the aristocracy on the Sioux Reservation and in adjacent territory, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Miss Morrison is a handsome young cowgirl, noted far and near for her proficiency in the art of horse-training. She has had many admirers among the frontier beaux, but always declared that she would never marry any man who could not ride, shoot and throw a lariat better than she could; and, as such men are extremely scarce, it appeared probable that Miss Myrtle was doomed to lead a life of single blessedness. However, last fall, hay being scarce on the Upper Bad River range, her father removed his family and stock to Big Plum Creek, a tributary of the Cheyenne River. Here Myrtle first made the acquaintance of the good-looking, daring young half-breed who has since become her husband.

Frank Dupree is a splendid horseman, a thorough cowhand, and apparently devoid of fear. The Duprees are among the wealthiest stockmen in the State, counting their cattle by the thousand, and Frank, like many other half-breeds in that section, has received a very fair education. Still, Myrtle was not much attracted toward the swarthy youth until one day they happened to be riding together and came in sight of a herd of sixty or seventy buffalo, which the Dupree family have raised on their own range from a few calves caught years ago, when buffalo-meat was the principal article of diet for the entire Sioux nation. Although this herd is kept from straying far from the home ranch by "Old Man" Dupree's cowboys, they are fully as wild as their ancestors who once blackened the prairie west of Chamberlain with their shaggy bodies.

The young couple rode up quite close to the herd before the animals were aware of their presence, and Frank, in a spirit of bravado, urged his bronco alongside of a huge bull buffalo and sprang from his saddle to the animal's back. In an instant the herd was stampeding madly across the prairie, with the old bull leading the van. Dupree's foolhardiness had placed him in an extremely dangerous predicament. If he jumped or fell from the buffalo's back he would certainly be trampled to death by the pursuing herd, and if he retained his seat until the animal became tired and sulky it was equally certain that the brute would make a furious assault upon him the moment he dismounted. So, all he could do was to cling to the animal's back and await an opportunity to escape. But it was not until the herd had run fully two miles that he saw the least chance of leaving the back of his novel steed and escaping alive. Fortune at last favored him, and the animal ran for some distance along a deep, narrow washout with almost perpendicular sides reaching to a height of fully twenty feet. Here Frank sprang from his seat and slid down the bank of the depression just in time to escape being trampled upon by the closely following herd.

Meanwhile, Myrtle had lassoed her companion's horse and was hurrying after the rapidly retreating buffalo. She reached the spot where Frank had dismounted just as he was climbing, dirty and bedraggled, to the top of the ravine. The cowboy did not feel very proud of his exploit, but, nevertheless, the little episode had touched a tender spot in the girl's heart, and a short time ago the bells of the Cherry Creek Mission church announced the wedding of this typical frontier couple.

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puncture, like this:

Very simple, but—now every rider should remember these two "buts," or he will fail:



Before injecting cement, pump up the tire. If you don't, the inner tube will be flabby, like this, and the cement will not get inside of it, where the repair strip lies.

When you have a puncture, get right off. Riding a tire flat, when it has a tack or nail in it, may damage it considerably.

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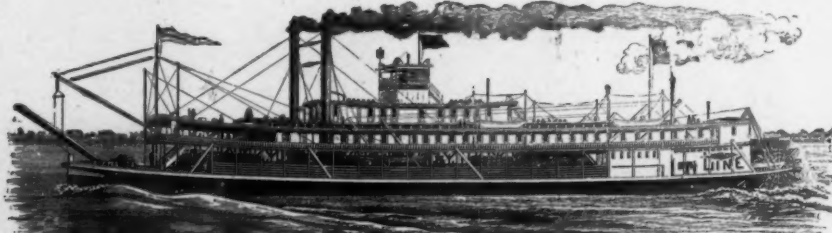
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A SILENCE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

One of Ellendale's bright little girls was in Sunday-school the other day, and there was something about the Queen of Sheba and crowns in the lesson.

"Kings and queens wear crowns, don't they?" inquired the little one of the teacher.

"Yes, dear," answered the teacher.

"I thought they did," said the little one, "but I don't remember whether jacks do or not."

Then a chunk of silence fell on the floor that was large enough to blanket an elephant.—*Ellendale (N. D.) Leader.*

HE WAS BRAVE, BUT INEXPERIENCED.

They tell a good story on the Hon. John J. Knickerbocker, of Chicago, who was a guest at the home of J. Howard Watson, not long ago. Mr. Knickerbocker is one of the leading members of the Chicago bar—and one of the wealthiest.

When he landed at Mr. Watson's Lake Ohelan home the Chicago attorney was all ready for big game, he having three guns and a revolver. While some of the other members of the party were luring big two-pound trout out of a pretty brook, says the Ohelan Falls (Wash.) *Herald*, Mr. Knickerbocker took a little side



A MILK-SHAKE.

trip on his own account. He had taken only a few steps when he 'spied something with great teeth and claws, and covered with a shaggy coat of hair, coming towards him rapidly.

Now, Mr. Knickerbocker is a big man and a brave lawyer—but not an experienced hunter. He called for help, but the roaring of the waters in the creek drowned his voice.

"I'll make a motion to arrest judgment," he said to himself; then he raised his gun and fired, once, twice, thrice. The animal dropped at the first shot, but Mr. Knickerbocker did not care to ascertain how badly it was hurt; he just bolted for Mr. Watson's house, a quarter of a mile away, procured help and another gun, and, returning to the spot, found a very big, but a very dead, badger! The skin has been mounted and will be preserved.

DIDN'T WISH TO TAKE RISKS.

In the district which Congressman Ellis of Oregon represents, a Washington paper says, are two presidential post-offices, Astoria and Portland. Only two, remember, for that is the point of this story.

The other day, while Mr. Ellis was seated at his desk in the House, a card was handed to him. He went into the lobby and found a young man. Forthwith the young man proceeded to address Mr. Ellis in this wise:

"Mr. Ellis, I have come to the conclusion that I want to go West. I think that the climate will agree with me, and that there is a chance out there for me to make a living. I have saved a little money, but I do not want to take any risk of not finding employment. I have come to you, therefore, with a suggestion. Mr. McKinley knows my father very well, and I think that

he also remembers me. Now, if I could go out to Oregon as postmaster of Astoria I would settle there, and I am sure that Mr. McKinley would appoint me if you would only recommend me."

The young man got no further in his speech. Mr. Ellis, who is very tall, looked down upon his visitor with a paralyzed stare, and then, turning on his heel, walked back into the House without saying a word.

AN INDISCREET EVANGELIST.

At Aberdeen, South Dakota, recently, a sensational revivalist was beseeching the unrepentant to come forward.

"Why," he said, "my grandmother would not yield to the good spirit, and now she is dead, and burning in perdition!"

Just then a gentleman, becoming disgusted with such remarks, started to leave the room.

"There!" shouted the divine. "There is one who is now traveling toward hell!"

The man turned coolly about and said: "Is there any word you would like to send to your grandmother?"

A. H.

RICH, BUT IGNORANT.

An Oregon woman of obscure origin had two daughters who were being educated in Paris. She desired them to return, and they pleaded for a longer sojourn.

"Them girls," she said, "has been so long in Paris they begin to think themselves Parisites." Of course, she meant Parisians.

These same girls were warmly devoted to private theatricals, and often took part in them. Somebody told the old lady that one of her daughters had engaged herself to a Frenchman, one of the actors, whereupon she exclaimed:

"I always said no good would come of them amatory theatricals!"

HE CLEANED THE STOVEPIPE.

There is probably no man in Idaho more familiar with powder of all kinds than Phil McGuire; yet, on Tuesday last he swelled a powder charge beyond its limit and blew the Colman lumber office into smithereens. Phil had been informed that a stovepipe could be cleaned out by exploding a small quantity of powder in the stove, and he tried it. It worked most effectively. It not only cleaned out the pipe, chimney and stove, but it also cleared out the office, spread the stove around on the floor, and deposited Phil in the back yard. When he finally picked himself up he looked dazed for a moment and then ejaculated: "By the great jumping Jerushel—of that ain't ther biggest little explosion I ever tuk part in!"—*Hope (Id.) Examiner.*

HE PLAYED THE FLUTE.

A funny story is told of James O'Neill when he was booked at Missoula, Mont., last spring. The rehearsal of the orchestra of the local theater was called for four o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr. O'Neill happened to be present. After the Missoula musicians had struggled through the overture, the actor turned to the local manager and said:

"For heaven's sake, Hartley, cut that flute out in tonight's performance! It will upset me so that I can't go through my part, if you don't."

The flute-player overheard the remark, got up from his seat and said to Mr. O'Neill:

"Now, look here, sir! I intend to play that flute if you intend to play 'Monte Cristo.' I am the mayor of this town, and if I can't play the flute and see the show I'll revoke Hartley's license and you can get out of town tonight."

Under the circumstances, it was deemed wiser to let the honorable mayor of Missoula play the flute.—*Seattle (Wash.) Times.*

HE GOT THE PASS.

A well-known Spokane attorney wanted to go into the Big Bend Country. He has a ranch out there, and wished to fence it. He also wanted a pass on the railroad, and relied upon his friendship with the general manager to secure him the favor.

"We would like to accommodate you," said the official, "but, really, I know of no grounds which entitle you to free transportation. You are not a heavy shipper, neither are you a member of the Legislature."

The attorney thought, "I have it," he said. "I used to know Chief Moses, when I was a boy. If you must, as a matter of book-keeping, make a record of the account on which my pass is issued, you can put it down that I am a member of Moses' band on the Colville Reservation and am going out there to select my land in severalty."

The railroad man took the matter under consideration. A few days later, according to the Spokane *Spokesman Review*, he met Chief Moses on the Reservation and inquired about his acquaintanceship with the Spokane lawyer. Moses meditated a moment and then replied:

"I know him. He looks like Sitting Bull."

The lawyer rode to his ranch on a pass.



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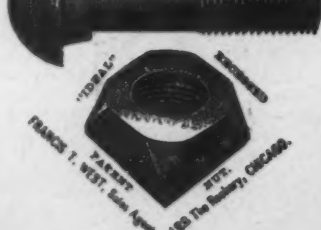
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Some old sinner says that a man might sit in his office all day and read his Bible, but his wife never would walk in and catch him at it.

Wife—"Why do you persist in boring us all by talking about the tariff?"
Husband—"Simply because it is a duty."

"Now they speak of her as an up-to-date girl. What do you understand by that?"
"My boy, a girl that is up to date is up to anything."

"Mustapha," said the Sultan to his grand vizier, "we ought to derive great encouragement from the affair at Carson City."

"Will you pardon your slave's obtuseness and deign to inform him why?"
"Because it was a muscle man's victory, Mustapha!"



ECONOMY.

Mr. Rubenstein—"Ikey!"
Rubenstein, Jr.—"Well, fader?"
Mr. Rubenstein—"Take longer steps and keep your shoes from wearing out so quick, ain't it?"

Winks—"Do you believe in hypnotism?"
Blinks—"Of course I do. Don't you see this necktie that the shopman induced my wife to buy the other day?"

"You seem to have to mend your garments a good deal, Mrs. Bugby."
"Yes; our washerwoman is two sizes larger than I am."

"Have you ever tried to destroy your thirst for liquor?"
"Yes; I have been trying to drown it for the last ten years."

"Pa, what do the Populists mean by 'Keep in the middle of the road?'"
"They mean that they have been kicked off both sidewalks."

Jay—"I am hopeful that you will pay me that \$10 before the end of the week, Smithson."
"That's all right, old man. Be hopeful, but don't be sanguine."

"I always used to overestimate my abilities," he remarked.
"Well, never mind," she replied, consolingly. "Your friends never did."

Willie—"I told her my love was so great that my brain was on fire."
Charlie—"What did she say to that?"
Willie—"Told me I had better blow it out."

Hobson—"I sat behind an enormous hat last night at the theater."
Dobson—"How was the play, anyway?"
"Out of sight."

She—"You are a double-dyed villain!"
He—"Madam, I confess that my mustache has been touched up a little, but my hair, I want you to know, is the real thing."

"It is hard indeed," said the melancholy gentleman, "to lose one's relatives."
"Hard?" snorted the gentleman of wealth. "Hard? It is impossible."

Chicago Hotel Clerk—"I shall have to give you a room on the eighteenth floor."
Guest—"All right; if anyone calls to see me, tell them I'm out of town."

"Szo! Miss Mary, dey tell me dat you shall tell my character by my hand!"
"Well, to begin with, you're a German—"
Ach! It is vunderful!"

Chappy—"Ma told me to call here and ask you if you couldn't give me something for my head."
Doctor Blunt—"You run home and tell your ma I wouldn't take it as a gift."

First Hobo (bitterly)—"They talk of passing a law to make everybody wash."
Second Hobo (more bitterly)—"They think they can compel us to get off the earth."

Mrs. Johnson—"See yar, Sam, doan' you go tryin' to play no Napoleon Bonyparte tricks on me."
Mr. Johnson—"W-w-y-w'ot yo' mean by dat, Melindy?"

Mrs. Johnson—"W'y, de books say dat feller wuz grand, gloomy an' peculiar. An' I notice yo' bin actin' de same way, lately, eb'ry time I ax yo' to bring up a hod ob coal."

Teacher—"Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make?"
Tommy—"It would make him yell."

Kind Old Lady—"To what do you attribute your uncontrollable appetite for strong drink? Is it hereditary?"
Weary Walker—"No, mum; it's thirst."

"I throw myself on your mercy!" wailed the 250-pound leading lady. The leading man sank beneath her weight and murmured:
"I now realize what is meant by the power behind the thrown."

"OI did not mind the threats av 'im," Mr. Hogan explained, "as much as th' insultin' sthlye av his remarks."
"And fwhat did he say?" asked Mr. Grogan.

"He says to me, 'Hogan,' says he, 'it is the great notion I have to jump on you and knock your face into shape.'"

Little Niece—"What is polygamy, aunty?"
Aunty (Mrs. Malaprop)—"Polygamy is where men have an ad libertine privilege of marrying a pleurisy of wives, when they can't take care of one as she ought to be."

"It's a strange thing," said Willie Washington; "every time I try to sing my dog howls."
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "some dogs are very discriminative. I always thought that dogs ranked almost with human beings in intelligence."

A man who had tastes anthropophagous,
Expired of a severed esophagus;
They laid him away
Under six feet of clay
In a hieroglyphicked sarcophagus.

"I saw a scientific note the other day," observed the professor, "to the effect that the oak furnishes a home for 309 species of insects."
"That's very kind of the oak," said the Idiot, "but it can't compete with the average country hotel."

Deacon Johnson—"See heah! When I said at de 'sper'ence meetin' dat I wuzer misabul sinner, yo' done shout, 'Amen!'"

Deacon Jackson—"Dat am de troof."
Deacon Johnson—"Wal, I jes' wanter know if dat 'amen' wuz in de nachah of er pasonal reflection?"

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3 cakes of Fancy Toilet Soap.....	.25	.15
1 lb. Cow or Arm and Ham Soda.....	.10	.06 1/2
1 lb. (16 oz.) Perfection Baking Powder.....	.25	.15
25 lb. sacks Table Salt.....	.10	.06
10 lbs. Rolled Oats.....	.25	.20
3 lb. can Tomatoes.....	.15	.12
2 lb. can Sugar Corn.....	.10	.08
3 lb. can Fancy Cal. Peaches.....	.15	.12
2 lb. can Blackberries.....	.12	.10
1 qt. bottle Maple Syrup.....	.25	.15
1 box Wood Tooth Picks.....	.15	.08 1/2
1 lb. gr. blk. Pepper, strictly pure.....	.15	.10
1 lb. ground Ginger.....	.18	.10
1 lb. ground Mustard.....	.18	.10
1 lb. whole Cinnamon.....	.12	.11
2 bottles Prepared Mustard.....	.20	.10
8 oz. White Seal Lemon Extract.....	.50	.40
4 oz. White Seal Vanilla Extract.....	.40	.30
1 pt. Household Ammonia.....	.15	.11 1/2
4 oz. bottle Blueing.....	.05	.03 1/2
12 boxes Parlor Matches.....	.18	.12
2 gal. keg honey-flavor Table Syrup.....	1.20	.72
1 lb. Grocers' Cream of Tartar.....	.15	.08
1 box Enamel Stove Polish, 10c size.....	.10	.05
2 boxes Sardines in Mustard.....	.30	.14
Total.....	17.05	11.40

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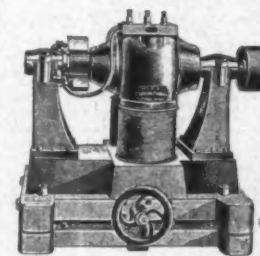
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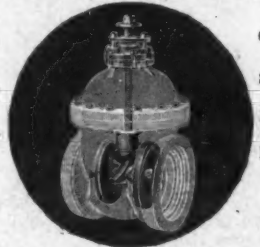
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